

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Visit to Brazil, Chile, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands during the Years 1821 and 1822. With Miscellaneous Remarks on the Past and Present State and Political Prospects of those Countries. By GILBERT FARQUHAR MATHISON, Esq. 8vo. pp. 478. London, 1825. C. Knight.

SINCE the first discovery of the new world, and the conquest of the richest and most fertile portion of it, by the Spaniards and Portuguese, no era has occurred so important in its history as that of the present day, when South America has broken through the trammels which for three centuries have enslaved it, and has commenced a new existence. We may, perhaps, be told that the independence of the South American states is not complete, because Spain holds a fortress in Peru, or there are some malcontents in Mexico, or because Dr. Francia rules as despotically in Paraguay as the imbecile Ferdinand VII. does in Spain. But, with these drawbacks, still it is impossible not to consider South America as emancipated; the weakness of Spain, the amity of Great Britain, the union of several states in a treaty of defensive alliance, and the interests of North America, are all so many guarantees, that whatever yoke the South American states may have, it will not be that of Europeans. Brazil may, perhaps, for some time prove an exception; but, besides the suspicion that attaches to the emperor, there is a large republican party in Brazil, who, notwithstanding they may give the imperial government a divided alliance, would join with its most determined advocates in every attempt to bring it in subjection to Portugal.

Although we have spoken of the general tendency of the South American states to republicanism, yet we are far from contending that it is the best form of government,—still less that it is best suited to their population and prejudices; so far, indeed, are we from thinking this to be the case, that we doubt not but limited monarchies, with somewhat of the splendour to which the people have been accustomed, would be preferred to the unostentatious simplicity of a republican government. Mr. Mathison seems to come to the same conclusion, though by different inferences: he says, 'The existence of slavery is itself a sufficient reason why a regal form of government should be maintained, to the exclusion of levelling revolutionary principles;' Mr. Mathison, however, should recollect, that, in the United States, slavery and democracy are not deemed incompatible. But, leaving politicians to discuss this point, we shall proceed to notice the work before us. Of Mr. Mathison's pursuits or object

in visiting South America we know nothing; it is enough for us to know that he went there, and that he returned with materials to make a very excellent volume. His work embraces a very ample field: it includes travels in the several countries; an account of the soil, produce, and manufactures; description of the people,—their manners, customs, superstitions, &c.; the government, state of parties, political opinions, and prospects; characters of individuals, anecdotes, &c. All these subjects are interwoven in a well-connected narrative, very agreeably written and bearing internal evidence of authenticity. The work contains so much real information on the subject of Brazil, Peru, and Chile, that we confidently recommend it to all who feel an interest in these countries, or in books of travel generally. Much, we are aware, has already been written on South America; but much more may be written before the subject is exhausted.

Mr. Mathison sailed from Lisbon on the 27th of May, 1821, in the Vasco da Gama Portuguese Indiaman. Nothing particular occurred during the passage, except a pretty frequent alarm at the appearance of suspicious vessels, and the performance of mass and vespers regularly on board. On the 4th of August, the vessel safely reached Rio de Janeiro, the approach of which, from the sea, reminded the author of the scenery of the Trossachs, near Loch Katrine. Mr. Mathison does not long detain us from business, for he dismisses his voyage in half a dozen pages; and in the next page we find him describing the public buildings and institutions of Rio de Janeiro. In no part of the world, perhaps, is Negro slavery more revolting than at Rio. Mr. M. says:—

'When a traveller first lands at Rio, his attention will be naturally attracted by the appearance of the negroes. Their colour, to which the eye of a European cannot for a long time become familiarized, their savage and uncouth countenances, generally tattooed, or their naked limbs, only sufficiently covered to answer purposes of bare decency—their barbarous language, and noisy vociferations—the wild melody of their national airs (if the term may be used), which they almost invariably sing while at work—the clanking of chains, and the iron collars worn by criminals or runaways in the streets,—these, and other peculiar emblems of barbarism and misery, all concur in exciting surprise, horror, and disgust. The canoes and boats, which ply about the shipping, and between the two sides of the bay, are manned by the same uncivilized beings, one mulatto or white man sitting at the helm. They are

ever ready to profit by any opportunity of plunder; and it is accordingly considered unsafe to trust oneself alone or unarmed in their power at night.'

From this state of misery Mr. M., by a sudden transition, carries us to a splendid ball and supper given by the officers of the Portuguese army, at the theatre, in honour of the constitution, when the prince (now emperor) and princess graced the festivities as spectators:—

'The dress and appearance of the ladies at this ball deserved admiration. Many wore a vast profusion of jewels; but beauty, with some few striking exceptions, was infinitely less observable. The gentlemen all wore uniforms, or court dresses; and the stars and orders with which the majority were decorated, seemed so numerous and inappropriately bestowed, as to border on the ridiculous. Not so, however, thought they; and not so thought the ladies, who bestowed their smiles and hands with such partiality on this bespangled gentry, that the poor Englishmen present might have envied the possession of similar decorations, if it were only to avert the fate which awaited them of being left completely in the back-ground. Many boys, apparently not more than twelve or fourteen years old, wore tawdry silk court-dresses and stars, which had been obtained in the usual way. Young girls, also, of nine or ten years of age, or still less, were there, magnificently arrayed, and seemed to be as perfect adepts in the arts of flirtation and coquetry, as older and more experienced belles. Among the officers present were several who belonged to a negro regiment; and the contrast between their black countenances and fine white uniforms, of which they seemed not a little proud, made a striking addition to the novelty and ludicrous features of the entertainment.'

After remaining a month at Rio, Mr. Mathison made an excursion to the interior; and he appears, as Mathews has it, to have had an eye that saw everything, and a pupil in that eye which forgot nothing, for he carries us along with him in a slight sketchy manner. It will, perhaps, not give a very favourable opinion of the country, when we find an Englishman, who kept a small retail shop, obliged to go about armed with a dirk and pocket-pistols, to defend himself against 'the revengeful feelings entertained by many persons whom he had disobliterated in the course of business.' The muleteers, Mr. Mathison describes as 'close, cunning, and revengeful, covetous of money, and passionately addicted to gambling; but honest to their employers, tenacious of their word, sober, strong-headed, and active in mind and body.' Mr. Mathison was on his way to the Swiss village, Novo-

Fribengo, in the valley of Morro Quemado, established a few years ago as an attempt to introduce the European arts into Brazil: it is situated about seventy English miles from Rio. The settlement was by no means flourishing; and, out of about one thousand two hundred, only three hundred now remained, the rest having either gone to Rio, or settled in distant parts of the country. We have not room for the account of this settlement, but shall quote the author's warning, which he subjoins to it:—

'From the whole account here given, the reader may draw his own inferences, and judge whether, if more ably managed, more advantageously situated, and composed of better-conditioned settlers, the colony could ever have been permanently and successfully established. Be this as it may, it is earnestly to be hoped, that whatever changes may take place in the government of Brazil, the people of England will not allow themselves to be tempted, by delusive promises and expectations, to abandon their own comfortable homes in search of advantages, uncertain at best, amidst the woods and wildernesses of South America. This remark does not apply solely to the sort of establishment here described; there are projectors and speculating egotists in various ways,—and woe to those who, in ignorance of the real state of things, give credit to the pictures too often drawn in this speculative age, of an imaginary *El Dorado*, and find not out how egregiously they have been duped until their error becomes fatal and irretrievable! The much-vaunted precious stones and metals they will find equally difficult of attainment, if not more so, than in England: and, supposing their labours as farmers to be ultimately successful, years of toil, danger, and discomfort, must first be surmounted. Innumerable crosses, which the inexperienced cannot anticipate, but which are inseparable from a new country, will thwart them at every step; and not among the least of these may be mentioned the hostility of a rude native Creole population, jealous of foreigners, and bigoted enemies to innovation and improvement.'

The mining district of Santa Gallo was the next place visited by Mr. Mathison; and he gives us the following interesting account of a class of persons who, though no longer existing, did much in civilizing Brazil:—

'The district of Santa Gallo, in the Capitania of Rio Janeiro, until lately a mining station, lies about one hundred miles from Rio Janeiro, in a N. E. direction. It has not been very long in the occupation of legitimate Portuguese settlers. The mines, which attracted the attention of government, were discovered by some contraband adventurers, who, in defiance of the laws, clandestinely worked, and realised large profits from them. Their retreat is said to have been detected by the accidental crowing of a cock—and hence the appellation of Santa Gallo. Contraband adventurers of this description, from all that I could learn, exist no longer in Brazil; yet, as they once constituted a remarkable class of inhabitants, and promoted indirectly, by their enterprises, the improvement of the

country, it may not be amiss to relate a few particulars concerning them. They were, for the most part, bold and determined men, induced by the commission of crimes, or unsettled habits of life, to retire from civilized society: men of such desperate fortunes, that they were glad to run any hazards for the sake of acquiring wealth. Thus united by the bond of mutual interest, they wandered in gangs about the country, through districts yet unexplored by Europeans, in search of the precious metal. The Indians were by turns avoided, conciliated, or subdued, according as it best suited their purposes, until they had none to fear but their own countrymen.

'In this manner they traced the courses of rivers, traversed mountains, passed through woods almost impenetrable, and overcame dangers and hardships which men more happily circumstanced would never have thought of encountering. When their toils were rewarded by the discovery of a mine, or of a river-course abounding with gold, all possible precautions were immediately taken to keep it secret until the treasure became exhausted. In that case, or if the secret happened to be discovered by government, and measures were employed to dispossess these adventurers, such as were fortunate enough to escape apprehension again pursued the same course of life in another place.'

From Santa Gallo, Mr. M. proceeded to Aldea da Pedra, where there is a settlement of about three hundred Indians of the tribe of Puris; he afterwards went to St. Fidela, and then returned to Rio. On his return, he again stopped at the Indian settlement, and was present at the performance of mass by Father Thomas, the missionary, who inspires great confidence, but makes few converts:—

'A great number of Indians of both sexes, dressed in the Portuguese costume, were assembled on the green before the chapel, in a state of intoxication, and thus showed how slight had been the impression made upon their minds by the religious duties of the day. I wished to witness an exhibition of their skill in archery, and offered to give a prize to be contended for; but drunkenness had taken away all inclination and power of exertion; and, although some promised to go home and fetch their bows and arrows, they finally dispersed, without remembering or paying any attention to the offer. They flocked round me, however, begging for money; and one was no sooner satisfied than another came up, each immediately spending the trifle he had received in *cachaça* or rum, the cheapness of which enabled them to indulge in the most absolute and unrestrained drunkenness. It was painful to observe that the women were most free and impudent on this occasion; and no quantity of liquor appeared sufficient to satisfy their depraved appetites.

'Disgusted at such a scene, which not even its novelty had made tolerable, I gladly sought refuge in the house of Father Thomas, and partook of his simple meal, consisting, in true hermit fashion, of mandioc, beans, and water—a diet upon which, he said, he had subsisted for a long course of years. He inquired with a vague interest concerning the

great events which had agitated Europe during the last twenty years, and seemed to know that such a person as Napoleon Buonaparte had once existed; but of all historical particulars he was ignorant, and expressed little curiosity about the wars and massacres which had desolated the world. The only books in his possession were a missal and Latin Bible; and the performance of regular devotional exercises, together with the necessary attention paid to his flock, and the cultivation of his little farm, constituted his only employment.'

Journeying onward, Mr. M. met a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen returning from a marriage feast:—

'The men, dressed in long cloth cloaks, and well mounted on horses and mules, richly caparisoned in the Portuguese fashion, made a fine appearance. The ladies rode in the midst of them. Their horse-furniture was in every way similar, with the exception only of pistols and holsters. They all rode astraddle, according to the prevailing custom in the country parts of Brazil. They wore white linen trowsers; and the delicate foot and ankle, in silk stockings and thin satin shoes, did honour to the small silver stirrup in which the point rested. The upper parts of their dress were, a muslin gown, falling of course over the mule's back, as far round their legs as the position would admit of, and a large cotton shawl closely wrapped about the person. A round black cotton hat, of Brazilian manufacture, and thick white veil, which completely hid their faces, completed their equipment.'

In the survey of Brazilian history, Mr. Mathison points out the benefits the country has derived since the arrival of the court of Lisbon there in 1808, by free trade and consequent intercourse with foreigners; it did not, however, produce a similar effect on the character of the government, of which Mr. Mathison, alluding to the period when the King of Portugal resided in Brazil, gives the following picture:—

'In the collection of the revenue arising from diamond-mines, which have hitherto been always considered as crown property, and from the fifth part of the profits of gold-mines paid by their respective proprietors to government, the money had to pass through so many hands, and abuses of trust were unfortunately so common, that a very undue proportion of it finally reached the public treasury. The collection of the customs was not less notoriously ill conducted, and smuggling systematically pursued on a large scale. The officers of the revenue, and other public servants, being irregularly paid, became the more accessible to bribery; and the value of an office was, in the usual course of things, estimated, not at the affixed salary, but at what could be made from it by various methods of evasion and extortion.

'Hence the regular course of trade was very much impeded, and an undue advantage given to the smuggler over the fair and honourable trader. The prevalence of illicit practices rendered it, in fact, difficult to draw any clear line of demarcation; and those even who might have felt disposed to

resist this better price borne down the stream of government expenditure and means resorted to usual for the mother reversed, various times Rio.

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resist this torrent of corruption, either from better principles, or more sound views, were borne down by the force and impetuosity of the stream. The legitimate resources of government being thus impaired, and its expenditure receiving no check, other ways and means of raising money were necessarily resorted to. In former times it had been usual for the colony to send its treasures to the mother country, but now the system was reversed, and large sums were remitted at various times from Lisbon to the court at Rio.

'The sale of patents of nobility, stars, crosses, and *habitos do Christo*, or insignia of the order of Christ, and others similar to it, was among the most innocent, and at the same time lucrative, expedients for raising money. The rage for these decorations attained a greater height at Rio than it had, perhaps, ever before done in any country; almost every petty shopkeeper might be seen in the streets on holydays with his *habito do Christo*. These purchased honours were worn by dignitaries of the church, as well as by civilians of every degree: and the quality and quantity of them established the rank of each individual in society.'

We shall now leave Brazil, and proceed at once to Peru, in order to quote the even slight description of the fort of Callao, the garrison of which still obstinately holds out for Spain, in despite of the army and the proclamation of Bolivar:—

'The town of Callao is composed of a few hundred houses, small, dirty, and wretched: no persons of respectability reside there; the merchants merely keeping stores for the transaction of shipping business, and for the retail sale of goods. There is an inn, kept by an American, of the worst description. The castle is the only part of Callao which deserves particular notice. Let not the word castle be understood to mean a structure similar to those erected by our warlike ancestors in every part of Europe—it is merely another name for fort, which occupies a considerable extent of ground, surrounded by thick walls, a moat, drawbridge, and batteries of great strength; spacious barracks a chapel, and the governor's house, with some other necessary buildings, form a large square in the centre of the fortress. Beyond the farthest extremity of the town jets out into the sea a peninsula of land, where old Callao formerly stood, previous to the earthquake of 1746. The ruins are still visible, and afford a striking memento of the awful visitations to which these regions are particularly subject.

'It was painful, at the same time, to observe the remains of several hundred unfortunate soldiers who had been shot here during the war: many months they lay without interment, and literally afforded food to the fowls of the air, while the dreadful effluvia tainted the whole surrounding atmosphere, and was carried by the wind as far as the shipping in the harbour. Bones and bits of clothes, shoes, caps, &c., even now lay scattered about in melancholy confusion, and marked the character of the times.'

While Mr. Mathison was at Callao, which

was in February, 1822, Lord Cochrane arrived in the Chilean frigate, the *O'Higgins*; and, as this is the only notice we find of our gallant countryman, we shall quote it:—

'Lord Cochrane and San Martin were now declared enemies. Their quarrel originated in a difference of opinion as to the measures to be pursued for the reduction of Callao Castle: Lord Cochrane, with his characteristic bravery, wishing to carry the place by storm, or to compel the garrison to surrender at discretion; General San Martin, on the other hand, with his characteristic prudence and moderation, preferring capitulation without bloodshed. The opinion of the general prevailed on this occasion; and the result is thought to have shown that the opinion of the admiral was founded on the soundest views of good policy; for, though a certain degree of success has followed the arms and policy of San Martin, and in the name of the *Patria* (a comprehensive term, which includes the whole or any particular part of South America, when once made independent of Spain) he had taken possession of the capital of Peru, yet an opportunity was afforded by this temporizing plan to General Canterac and a large body of Spanish troops to escape from Callao, and to renew the war in the interior. Another disagreement soon afterwards took place, in consequence of the refusal of San Martin to pay the Chilean fleet out of the funds obtained by him in Lima; and the seizure of a large sum of money at Ancon forcibly by Lord Cochrane, who thus took the law into his own hands, rendered the rupture complete.

'The present object of Lord Cochrane in coming to Lima was to obtain possession of the Spanish frigate *Prueba*, which had been driven into port by himself, and surrendered to the Peruvian government, at whose hands he now claimed her as his lawful prize. His claim was, however, by no means allowed: and vigorous preparations for defence were made in case of any attempt to seize her by force of arms. The terror inspired on this occasion by the presence of Lord Cochrane was positively ludicrous, and the whole castle of Callao was in commotion; but he did not proceed to extremities, and finally sailed away again to Guayaquil.'

We shall reserve all further extracts and remarks until our next number, only observing that Mr. Mathison's work contains some coloured plates of South American costume, and a good chart of the Sandwich Islands.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ambition. In three volumes. pp. 1081. London. 1825. Cadell.

THE author of this work will never, we are sure, address either the critic or the reader in the language of Shakspeare, and say, 'I charge thee fling away *Ambition*,' even 'though by this sin fell the angels; since there is no danger even of mortals falling by an acquaintance with this *Ambition*, which is really a very clever and well-written novel. The scene is partly laid in Wales. Many of the characters are the sons and daughters of Cambria; and the heroine is, we suspect, intended as a descendant of

the great Glendower. At a time when the traditions and the language of Scotland have entered so largely into the composition of modern tales of fiction, and when even the sluggishness of Irish authors has been roused to do similar honour to the Emerald Isle, it would be a reproach to the land of Cadwallader to suffer its heroes to remain buried in oblivion, among 'the surfeit-slain fools—common dung of the soil.' The chivalrous and poetic character of the Welsh, their romantic wars, and untamed love of liberty, would all be admirable materials in the hands of a novel writer, while the character and dialect of the Welshman are sufficiently marked to be distinctly portrayed and recognised. Many efforts have lately and successfully been made to rescue Welsh literature from that oblivion to which it seemed hastening; and it is only necessary for a few good novel-writers to lay the scene of their picture in Wales, or to embody some striking features of Welsh history, and then Cambrian novels may become popular.

These remarks have rather occurred to us while in the perusal of the novel of *Ambition*, than been suggested by it; for, although the scene is partly laid in Wales, and many of the characters are Welsh, yet we are not aware that the incidents are more than ideal; but, be this as it may, the author is one who possesses many requisites for this species of writing. '*Ambition*' is a tale of real life as to the character and incidents; the former are natural—the latter not improbable: the characters are well conceived and admirably drawn, particularly the hero and the heroine. The work displays no ordinary acquaintance with mankind, and particularly with good society; and the finer emotions of the heart are exhibited in their most active operation. The author is evidently a person of very amiable disposition, who delights not in portraying the darker side of humanity, but what is more congenial to her own feelings. The story of *Ambition* is interesting; and there is much felicity in the delineation of the character, both serious and comic, gentle and simple—from the hero, Lord Gwynne Arthur, who was possessed of great talents, highly cultivated, to Mr. Morgan-ap-Harry ap-Daniel-ap-Simon-ap-Hughes, who had travelled to London to buy 'some liddle matters for the shope,' and was so much afraid of being robbed, that he charged his landlady to lock him in his bed-room every night, and take away the key. We will leave the plot of the novel to develop itself, and have not room for a whole scene, but shall give a couple of sketches by our author, who, by the by, we believe to be a lady barely escaped her teens. The first relates to a subject in which all, sooner or later, feel an interest—love:—

'There is no love like first love; and, let the world say what it will of the nonsense and romance of the passion, if it were not for those warm and disinterested feelings, which spring up in the heart like meteors in a frosty sky, the better qualities of mankind would be choked with thorough selfishness. The stoic does everything by rule; he has no feelings to give him pleasure or pain—or, if

he has any, they are kept so entirely under control, that they are never allowed to operate to either his happiness or misery. Love is the foundation, the root, the master-piece of all the fine emotions of the heart; and pity, friendship, esteem, and veneration, are but the branches of the same prolific tree; or, to speak more metaphorically, they are as little rivulets diverging from the ocean-bed, animating, softening, and beautifying those tracts of wild nature through which their silvery channels circulate.

But true love is as distinct from passion as bravery is from desperation; affection, like courage, must flow on in one smooth, regular, and continued stream—neither overflowing its banks nor shrinking within its boundaries—removing every obstacle, and overpowering every difficulty, without making any display of its own prowess. It is not love, nor valour, that breaks out with whizzing violence, at unexpected and often unseasonable periods, and, like a Jack-o'-lantern on a dark night, leads a man across bog, moor, and mountain, until he has lost his way in a slough, or broken his neck over a precipice; this is not love, this is madness, yet how oft will early affection assume its guise.

When the heart is just opening to a comprehension of its own feelings, before the sordid concerns of the world have fascinated the attention—when every object wears the garb of innocence, and as the bright qualities of mind and soul are putting forth the branch of promise, then, indeed, does love appear to be the business of life—then it partakes of all the fervour of enthusiasm, all the purity of devotion: not a thought can be associated with the image of the beloved object that is not strictly compatible with honour, truth, and virtue; the fancy weaves round it a web of holiness, through which nothing impure can penetrate; and it is enthroned within the *sanctum sanctorum* of the heart, 'unmixed with baser matter.' Yet early love, like the bravery of a young and intrepid arm, is apt sometimes to run into irregular movements, and fling the gauntlet at a shadow; it blazes forth in fits and starts, commits extravagancies, and, though never deficient in intrinsic value, will very often wear the mask of folly; but it is a flame, with all its eccentricities, that has never yet glowed in a selfish bosom, and that cannot be kindled on any soil which is not perfectly honourable, warm, and disinterested.

It cannot be embodied in more forcible and beautiful language than the following lines of a noble poet of the present day, whose genius and *experience* no one has yet dared to doubt:—

"Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven—
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared—by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love—
A feeling from the godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought—
A ray of Him who formed the whole—
A glory circling round the soul."

The love of after-years generally partakes

more of the colour of worldly prudence, and less of the glow of enthusiasm; in early attachments, the individual object is the sole consideration; in maturity, there are the distinctions of birth, fortune, and connections, to be weighed,—the consent of friends, the approval of the world, &c. If, indeed, the sincerity, the steadiness, the prudence of a mature affection, could be united with the bright glow, the celestial purity of early love, it would form that sentiment which is so often described in fiction—so seldom to be met with in real life:—

"—But ah! how seldom it is seen,
For base and selfish passions intervene,
To blight the buds of love, and rend apart
Each warm pulsation of the bleeding heart."

The next extract is descriptive of Wales, the land of the fair author's birth, we suspect:—

"It is the little Switzerland of Great Britain," said the earl, "and, like that country, is neglected by adjoining nations, and sought only by the traveller of a far-distant clime; Wales is a spot which our neighbours seldom think of, or, when remembered by them, is visited but by the antiquary,—the searcher after the remains of ancient splendour, and the relics of ancient bravery; or valued only for its mountains, its falls, its ruined castles, its desolated monasteries, its subterranean vaults and corridors; or prized for the produce of its fields: the people are entirely forgotten;—one would scarcely think, indeed, by the indifference with which we are treated, that we are descended from the masters of the island. Every Englishman knows something of foreign parts—of the continental countries—of Asia, Africa, and America; but of Wales he seems to know no more than he does of the inside of the Chinese empire: it is a little spot of earth, which appears to have entirely escaped his observation and enquiry. I sometimes cannot avoid thinking John Bull a very long-sighted personage, who sees with more accuracy the objects which are placed at an immense distance, than those which lie immediately under his eye: I doubt not, if Wales were situated at the North Pole, that he would have numberless ships fitted up for numberless expeditions to our outlandish region, and some of the chief people,—myself, for instance, or Miss Vaughan, or my mother, or my redoubtable neighbour, Mr. Morgan Hughes, who keeps a shop in the cwm,—brought to the English capital as living curiosities: as it is, we have no right to expect any such distinction; the Hottentot and Otaheitan have eclipsed us there; and the only reason why we are not such marketable articles is because we are placed too near Mr. Bull's shop-door: had he to cross his broad quay and wealthy docks, and to rummage for us amongst wild beasts' skins, sugar-casks, and rice barrels, he would consider us worth the trouble of stowing into his warehouses, and preserving against the ensuing season."

WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

(Concluded from p. 427.)

Without confining ourselves to any attempt at analyzing this volume, which we have

already noticed at sufficient length, we shall quote a few more extracts. In a letter, written in March, 1764, Mr. Walpole says,—

'You will little guess what a present I have had from Holland—only a treatise of mathematical metaphysics from an author I never heard of, with great encomiums on my taste and knowledge. To be sure, I am warranted to insert this certificate among the *testimonia authorum*, before my next edition of the *Painters*. Nor, I assure you, am I much more just—I have sent the gentleman word what a perfect ignoramus I am, and did not treat my vanity with a moment's respite. Your brother has laughed at me, or rather at the poor man who has so mistaken me, as much as ever I did at his *absence*, and flinging down everything at breakfast. Tom, your brother's man, told him to-day, that *Mister Helvoetsluis* had been to wait on him—now you are guessing,—did you find out this was Helvetius?

'It is piteous late, and I must go to bed, only telling you a *bon-mot* of Lady Bel Finch. Lord Bath owed her *half a crown*; he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her a *crown*. She replied, that though he could give her a *crown*, he could give her a *coronet*, and she was very ready to accept it.'

In an account of the Cambridge election, when the struggle was between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich, Walpole relates that a voter, who was blooded on purpose that morning, was brought out of a mad-house with his keeper. He then adds,—

'This is the great and wise nation, which the philosopher Helvetius is come to study! When he says of us, *C'est un furieux pais!* he does not know that the literal translation is the true description of us.'

'The archbishop and bishops, who are so eager against Dr. Pearce's divorce from his see, not as illegal, but improper, and of bad example, have determined the king, who left it to them, not to consent to it, though the bishop himself still insists on it. As this decision disappoints Bishop Newton, Lord Bath has obtained a consolatory promise for him of the mitre of London, to the great discomfort of Terriek and Warburton. You see Lord Bath does not hobble up the back stairs for nothing. Oh, he is an excellent courtier! The Prince of Wales shoots him with plaything arrows; he falls down dead; and the child kisses him to life again. Melancholy ambition! I heard him, t'other night, propose himself to Lady Townshend as a rich widow. Such spirits at fourscore are pleasing; but when one has lost all one's children,—to be flattering those of kings!

'The Bishop of Carlisle told me, that t'other day, in the House of Lords, Warburton said to another of the bench, "I was invited by my Lord Mansfield to dine with that Helvetius, but he is a professed patron of atheism, a rascal, and a scoundrel, and I would not countenance him; besides, I should have worked him, and that Lord Mansfield would not have liked."—No, in good truth, who can like such vulgarity! His French, too, I suppose, is equal to his wit and his piety.'

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and romantic marriage, shows the aristocratic pride of Walpole:—

'You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's (Lady Susan Fox) marriage with O'Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Reade's, the paintress—she said softly to him—"My lord, there is a couple in next room that I am sure ought not to be together; I wish your lordship would look in." He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a *but*!—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Reade's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My Lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?

'Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, "*nos numeri sumus*"—Lady Mary Duncan*, Lady Caroline Adair†, Lady Betty Gallini‡—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born.'

The following are additional selections. The first relates to the present Duke of York:—

'I was diverted just now with some old rhymes that Mr. Wilkes would have been glad to have North Britonized for our little Bishop of Osnaburgh—

'*Eligimus puerum, puerorum festa colentes,
Non nostrum morem, sed regis jussa sequentes.*

* 'Daughter of the seventh Earl of Thanet, married in Sept. 1763, to Dr. Duncan, M.D., soon after created a baronet.'

† 'Daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, married in 1759, to Mr. Adair, a surgeon.'

‡ 'Daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon, married to Sir John Gallini—she died in 1804, aged eighty.'

They were literally composed on the election of a juvenile bishop.'

Bull.—'Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night; my lord replied, "Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me! if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards.'

The late Duke of Cumberland.—'The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do: in the middle of the operation, the duke said, "Hold!" Ranby said, "For God's sake, sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it." The duke repeated, "I say, hold!" and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap; "for," said he, "the poor man has sweat through these."—It was true; but the duke did not utter a groan.'

Folly and Prudence.—'Have you heard that Lady Susan O'Brien's is not the last romance of the sort? Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, Lady Harriot has stooped even lower than a theatric swain, and married her footman; but still it is you Irish that commit all the havoc. Lady Harriot, however, has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and, considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover: she settles a single hundred pound a-year upon him for his life, entails her whole fortune on their children, if they have any, and, if not, on her own family;—nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and insures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield, whom she makes her trustee; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium? Well, but hear more: she has given away all her clothes,—nay, and her ladyship, and says, linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland,—plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon. I think it is not clear that she is mad; but I have no doubt but Lady Bel will be so, who could not digest Dr. Duncan, nor even Mr. Milbank.'

The following is an account of the putting the printer of The North Briton in the pillory:—

'Williams, the reprinter of The North Briton, stood in the pillory to-day in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot* with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams†, which amounted to near £200. In short, every public event informs the administration how thoroughly they are detested, and that they

* 'A Jack-boot, in allusion to the Christian name and title of Lord Bute.'

† 'In a blue purse trimmed with orange, the colour of the revolution, in opposition to the Stuart.'

have not a friend whom they do not buy. Who can wonder, when every man of virtue is proscribed, and they have neither parts nor characters to impose even upon the mob! Think to what a government is sunk, when a secretary of state is called in Parliament to his face, *the most profligate sad dog in the kingdom*, and not a man can open his lips in his defence! Sure power must have some strange unknown charm, when it can compensate for such contempt! I see many who triumph in these bitter pills which the ministry are so often forced to swallow; I own I do not; it is more mortifying to me to reflect how great and respectable we were three years ago, than satisfactory to see those insulted who have brought such shame upon us. 'Tis poor amends to national honour to know, that if a printer is set in the pillory, his country wishes it was my Lord This, or Mr. That. They will be gathered to the Ox-fords, and Bolingbroke's, and ignominious* of former days; but the wound they have inflicted is perhaps indelible. That goes to my heart, who had felt all the Roman pride of being one of the first nation upon earth!—Good night!—I will go to bed, and dream of kings drawn in triumph; and then I will go to Paris, and dream I am proconsul there: pray take care not to let me be awakened with an account of an invasion having taken place from Dunkirk †!

We might go on this way selecting fragments, anecdotes, narratives, and bon-mots; but it would be injustice to the work to quote too largely, and we have done enough to show how valuable and interesting it is.

The Arabs: a Tale, in Four Cantos. By HENRY AUSTEN DRIVER. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THE poem of the Arabs is inscribed to Mr. Thomas Moore, and it is worthy of his patronage, although it trespasses on a field where he has sported so successfully: the scene is laid in Arabia, and the style is Anglo-Oriental. It displays a rich imagination, true poetic feeling, and exquisite taste. Many of the scenes are highly descriptive, and some of them really beautiful; of this class, we are sure our readers will class the following description of an eastern palace:—

'High on a rock, above Al Kolzom's flood,
The dome-crowned palace of the pacha stood:
A stately fort, from which nor time nor tide
Had worn the records of its ancient pride.
Calm, in the seaward prospect from the pile,
In bright green clusters, many a palmy isle
Lay, like the offspring of the land, asleep
Upon the parent bosom of the deep:
But, 'neath the black and scowling precipice
Which bore the structure, was a deep recess,

* 'We might be surprised at finding a person of Mr. Walpole's taste and judgment, describing Harley and St. John as *ignominious*, if we did not recollect, that during their administration his father had been sent to the Tower, and expelled the House of Commons for alleged official corruptions. It were to be wished that Mr. Walpole's personal prejudices could always be traced to so amiable a source.'

† 'The demolition of Dunkirk was one of the articles of the late treaty of peace, on which discussions were still depending.'

Wherein the waters, e'en in calmest mood,
Moaned to the rocks in caverned solitude.
Stretching in rank luxuriance down the steep
And yawning cliffs which formed that dusky bay,

Huge trees entwined their boughs, as though
to keep

The space impervious to the beams of day :
At times the turrets of the fabric, too,
Their heavy shadows o'er the inlet threw,
Deepening its gloom, and veiling from the eye
The fitful surge below, whose sullen roar,
Combining with the sea-birds shrilly cry,
Warned e'en the bold to shun that fearful shore.

So wild, so perilous, uncouth, and drear,
Did that repulsive solitude appear,
That e'en the flowers, which had been trained
above

To soothe its aspect, served but to bestow
Such look as Madness wears, when he hath
wove

A garland to adorn his moody brow.

'But to the landward was a scene might vie
With aught that's beautiful in bloom or dye
In gentler climes, where winds from dewy wing
Dispense the treasures of perennial spring.
Upon the verge of an expansive vale,

Adorned with gardens rich in all the flowers
That paint the East, refreshed by Ocean's gale,
And lulled by music of soft fountain-streams,
That waibled to the sun's enamoured beams,
The haram peered from its sequestered
bowers.

'There—prince of fragrant trees—the keura
bloomed ;

There did the fine formed tamarind love to
spread

Its stately umbrage ; and, of softer shade,
Th' acacia's boughs the ambient air perfumed.
The weeping myrrh, too, and those shrubs that
be

Like Love, most sweet in tears—the orange-tree,
Whose golden fruit peeps smiling through a
wreath

Of kindred blossoms, almonds of sweet breath,
The blusky peech, the purple-clustered vine,

The pendent citron, and the luscious date,
Sprang so luxuriant there—did so entwine,

In mazes beautiful as intricate,
That whoso in the sylvan haunt might stray
Would midst its labyrinthine charms delay,

As if detained by some enchanter's spell ;
And, when emerging to the beams of day,
Would turn, and sigh that they had traced their
way,

They loved that lonely paradise so well.

'Advancing, by a trellised avenue,
Towards a terrace walk, whose mural crest
O'erhangs a wild and turbid stream, the view
Drops full upon the vale's expanded breast.

The lofty palm, the ever-fragrant bower,
The glittering mosque, the crescent-crested
tower,

The slender minaret, the gilded dome,
The proud pavilion, and the shepherd's home,
With mingled beauty grace the varied scene :

But, in the midst, is one dark spot, which
glooms

Its else fair aspect ;—'tis the place of tombs.
There—like unchanging grief—for ever green,
Stand the funereal cypresses—those trees

Whose very dew seems tears by sorrow shed—
Whose branches, as they murmur in the breeze,
Seem fanned by sighs of those who mourn
the dead.'

This is poetry, and we might select many
passages of equal beauty and vigour.

*The Private Journal kept by Madame Knight,
on a Journey from Boston to New York,
in the Year 1704. From the Original Ma-
nuscript. 12mo. New York, 1825. Wil-
der and Campbell.*

SUCH is the title of a little volume which has just appeared in the United States ; whether it be *genu-ine* or not, we will not pretend to determine, though its authenticity is strongly vouched for ; but still we look with some degree of suspicion to a land where there are more miracles than Prince Hohenlohe ever worked, and which out-Munchausens Munchausen in the marvellous. We say nothing of the frauds of wooden nutmegs, or slipping a piece of granite into a bale of cotton, since some dishonest tradesmen are to be met with in every country, Turkey, perhaps, excepted.

In no country, however, in the world, is credulity more imposed upon than in the United States. You might as well attempt to make Jonathan believe that his country was not the most free, " wisest, virtuous, best" in the world, as that its shores have not been visited by a sea-serpent as long as Oxford Street or the Strand ; and, within the last month or two, we have seen, in the United States' papers, accounts of a whale swallowing a ship's anchor ; and an eagle following the Marquis de la Fayette wherever he travelled, and hovering over his headquarters in whatever part of the Union they were fixed. With these instances, may we not entertain some suspicion, that the same ingenuity which manufactures sea-serpents half a mile long, whales, with a swallow so capacious, and eagles so sensible and grateful, may have produced the Private Journal of a lady that never existed. We are far from asserting this to be the case, but we have our doubts.

Of Madame Knight little is avowedly known by the editor, who is even ignorant of her Christian name, and can give us no better reason for her being called Madame, than that it was a century ago a custom to distinguish ladies of a somewhat superior rank in life by that appellation. We, however, suspect, that if the editor had called her *Dame Knight*, he would have been nearer the mark.

The Journal of Madame Knight, if a fabrication, which we are rather unwilling to believe, is an ingenious one, and describes, we doubt not, very correctly, the manners of the period to which it relates: the adventures of the lady, too, though interesting, do not stagger our credulity, or exact much from it: there is a good deal of humour and point in the narrative, which is given with the abbreviations and orthography of the original manuscript. That the volume is curious, no one will deny ; and it exhibits a singular picture of New England, and the New Englanders, a century and a quarter ago. The journey of Madame Knight was a somewhat perilous one ; and, notwithstanding the attention of her guides, she had to encounter accidents by flood and field. On entering the state of Rhode Island, she says:—

'I having here discharged the Ordinary for self and Guide (as I understood was the

custom), about Three in the afternoon went on with my Third Guide, who Rode very hard, and having, crossed Providence Ferry, we came to a river which they Generally Ride thro'. But I dare not venture ; so the Post got a Ladd and Cannoo to carry mee to tother side, and hee rid through and Led my hors. The Cannoo was very small and shallow, so that when we were in, she seem'd redy to take in water, which greatly terrified mee, and caused mee to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes stedy, not daring so much as to lodg my tongue a hair's bredth more on one side of my mouth than tother, nor so much as to think on Lot's wife, for a wry thought would have overset our wherry : but was soon put out of this pain, by feeling the Cannoo on shore, wch I, as soon almost, saluted with my feet, and rewarding my sculler, again mounted, and made the best of our way forwards.'

The idea of not daring to lodge her tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of her mouth than the other, for fear of upsetting the boat, is original and excellent, and surpasses the itinerant coal-dealer, who used to ascertain if seven-shilling pieces were the due weight, by placing them one by one on his right shoulder, and the corresponding weight of the coin on his left. Every traveller in the United States is disgusted with the want of comfort and attention at the inns, and the sullen insolence of even Boniface himself. This, we presume, is a modern yankee *refinement*, as Madame Knight makes no such charge against the inn where she passed a night, though, it will be seen, dram-drinking was then known in half America.

'Being come to mr. Havens,' she says, 'I was very civilly Received, and courteously entertained, in a clean comfortable House, and the Good woman was very active in helping off my Riding clothes, and then ask't what I would eat. I told her I had some Chocolett, if she would prepare it ; which with the help of some Milk, and a little brass Kettle, she soon effected to my satisfaction. I then betook me to my Apartment, wch was a little room parted from the Kitchen by a single bord partition : where, after I had noted the Occurrences of the past day, I went to bed, which tho' pretty hard, yet neet and handsome. But I could get no sleep because of the Clamor of some of the Town topeers in next Room, Who were entered into a strong debate concerning ye Signification of the name of their Country (viz.) Narragansett. One said it was named so by ye Indians, because there grow a Brier there of a prodigious Height and bigness, the like hardly ever known, called by the Indians Narragansett: And quotes an Indian of so barbarous a name for his Author, that I could not write it. His Antagonist Replied no—It was from a Spring it had its name, wch he well knew where it was, which was extreem cold in summer and as Hott as could be imagined in the winter, which was much resorted by the natives, and by them called Narragansett (Hot and Cold) and that was the original of their place's name—with a thousand impertinances not worth notice wch He uttered

with such a Roaring voice and Thundering blows with the fist of wickedness on the Table, that it pierced my very head. I heartily fretted and wish't 'um tongue tyed; but with as little success as a friend of mine once, who was (as she said) kept a whole night awake, on a journey, by a country Left and a Sergeant, Insign and a Deacon, contriving how to bring a triangle into a Square. They kept calling for tother Gill, wch while they were swallowing, was some Intermission; but presently, like Oyle to fire, encreased the flame. I set my Candle on a chest by the bed side, and setting up, fell to my old way of composing my Resentments, in the following manner:

'I ask thy Aid, O Potent Rum!

To charm these wrangling Topers Dum.

Thou hast their Giddy Brains possest—

The man confounded with the Beast—

And I, poor I, can get no rest.

Intoxicate them with thy fumes:

O still their tongues till morning comes!

And I know not but my wishes took effect; for their dispute soon ended with tother dram; and so Good night!"

The following account of rustic simplicity relates to a haberdasher or 'merchant' in New Haven:—

'Being at a merchants house, in comes a tall country fellow, wth his Alfogeos full of Tocacco; for they seldom Loose their Cudd, but keep Chewing and Spitting as long as they're eyes are open,—he advanc't to the middle of the Room, makes an Awkward Nodd, and spitting a Large deal of Aromatick Tincture, he gave a scrape with his shovel like shoo, leaving a small shovel full of dirt on the floor, made a full stop, Hugging his own pretty Body with his hands under his arms, Stood staring rownd him like a Catt let out of a Baskett. At last like the creature Balaam Rode on, he opened his mouth and said: have you any Ribenen for Hatbands to sell I pray? The Questions and answers about the pay being past, the Riben is bro't and opened. Bumpkin Simpners, cryes its confounded Gay I vow; and beckoning to the door, in comes Jone Tawdry, dropping about 50 curtsees, and stands by him: hee shows her the Ribin. *Law You*, sais shee *its right Gent*, do You take it, *tis dreadful pretty*. Then she inquires, *have you any hood silk I pray?* wch being brought and bought, Have You any *thred silk to sew it wth* says shee, wch being accommodated wth they Departed. They Generally stand after they come in a great while speechless, and sometimes dont say a word till they are askt what they want, which I impute to the Awe they stand in of the merchants, who they are constantly almost indebted too; and must take what they bring without Liberty to choose for themselves; but they serve them as well, making the merchants stay long enough for their pay.'

Madame Knight's narrative is interesting, and we quit the work with a description of a cottage on the banks of the Pankatang river:—

'It was supported with shores enclosed with Clapboards laid on Lengthways, and so much asunder, that the Light came thro'

every where; the doore tyed on with a cord in ye place of hinges; the floor the bare earth; no windows but such as the thin covering afforded, nor any furniture but a Bedd with a glass bottle hanging at ye head on't; an earthen Cupp, a small pewter bason. A bord with sticks to stand on, instead of a table, and a block or two in ye corner instead of chairs.'

Admitting Madame Knight to give a faithful description of New England, at the time she wrote, the contrast between its state then and now is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable that any country affords.

Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.

(Continued from p. 419.)

ALTHOUGH William of Normandy claimed the crown of England by inheritance, yet no conquered country was perhaps ever treated with more severity than England was by the Normans. William knew their high spirit, how bravely they had resisted his legions, and how readily they would avail themselves of the first opportunity that offered of throwing off his yoke; he therefore resolved to govern by the terror of his arms, and that those whom he could not reduce to allegiance he would exterminate. The English population was now harassed in every direction; there were no longer any free provinces, any masses of men armed and united,—nothing but scattered individuals, chiefs without soldiers, and soldiers without chiefs; persons of any influence were judged and condemned, and the rest placed at the discretion of the foreign soldiers, who made them grooms for their horses, or labourers for their lands. Such as could emigrate left the country; and—

'A troop of these fugitives, under the conduct of Siward, one of the ancient chiefs of the country of Gloucester, steered their course southward, coasted Spain, and went to Sicily, to offer their services to the Greek Emperor Alexis. Alexis enrolled the Saxons in a body of German troops, who had long been in the pay of the empire under the name of *warrings*, or under a Greek name signifying *axe-bearers*. They retained the arms and language of their country, and received lands in Ionia, where a town was built for them. By a singular fate, these men, who had emigrated from their native land on account of an invasion by Gallo-Normans, fought under the banners of their new host against other Gallo-Normans, who were invading Apulia; and, at the battle of Durazzo, which was lost by Robert Guiscard or Guichard, an adventurer and conqueror, like William, the exiles from England formed the front rank of the Greek imperial army.

'Other chiefs and rich men, who could not or would not cross the sea, retired into the forests, with their clients and families. The great roads, along which the Norman convoys passed, were infested by their armed bands; and they took back from the conquerors by stratagem what the conquerors had taken by force—thus recovering the ransom of their inheritances, and avenging by assassination the massacre of their fellow-countrymen. These refugees are called robbers by

the historians friendly to the Conquest, who speak of them, in their accounts, as we do of men wilfully and wickedly armed against a lawful order of society. "Each day," say they, "was committed a number of thefts and murders, caused by the natural villainy of the people and the immense wealth of this kingdom." But was not the wealth of the kingdom the wealth of the Saxons! and if the natives became robbers, was it for any other purpose than to recover their own property? The order which they rose up against was the violent order of the Conquest; the law beyond which they placed themselves was the law of the foreigner: and thus the Saxon word *outlaw*, synonymous with *banished man*, and, by extension, with *robber*, thenceforward lost its disgraceful sense in the ears of the subjugated people. When any old popular story or Saxon legend makes mention of one of these men laid under the ban of the conquest, it is almost always observable that the narrator takes pleasure in giving a sort of poetical character to the person of the outlaw, and to his wandering life—that life of liberty, under the green leaves of the forest (as some old English verses express it). The outlawed individual nearly always appears to be as much cherished by the oppressed as he is dreaded by the oppressors; he is as gay as he is brave; he is called the king of the forest, and fears not the king of the country.'

The enmity of the Norman soldiery to the Anglo-Saxons and English, were not greater than that of the Norman clergy, who were as eager to seize on the churches and church lands, as the soldiers were on the lay property. Sometimes the English clergy excited their countrymen to resistance;—when William, either by force, or, as M. Thierry says, 'by promises and lies,' subdued or averted the threatened storm. It would, however, lead us too far, to attempt to give even an outline of the oppressions, on one resistance on the other, to which this country was long a prey, and which is so ably narrated by M. Thierry. At length the people sunk into a sort of apathy:—

'The mournful destiny of the English people already seemed irretrievably fixed. In the silence of all opposition, a sort of calm—the calm of discouragement—reigned throughout the country. The foreign brokers displayed without fear, in the public markets, the stuffs of Gaul, which they came to exchange for the booty of the Conquest. A man might travel (says the cotemporary historian), and carry with him his weight in gold, without being addressed by any one in an unfriendly manner. The Norman soldier, in more quiet possession of his share of land or money, less disturbed by nocturnal alarms, less frequently obliged to sleep in his hauberk with his hand upon his cross-bow, became less brutal, less irritated, less violent in his hatred; and even the conquered sunk into the false tranquillity of servitude. The English women had to dread fewer insults to their modesty; and a great number of those who had fled into the monasteries, and taken the black veil of the nuns, as a safeguard from the licentiousness of the conquerors, began to

desire the termination of this forced retreat, and wished to return to social life—ever dear to mankind, even in times of the greatest national calamity.

‘But it was not so easy for the Saxon women to quit the cloister as to enter it. The Norman priests held the keys of the monasteries, as the Norman laymen held those of the fortresses; and it was necessary that these sovereign masters of the bodies and souls of the English should deliberate in solemn assembly on the question of setting at liberty such women as had taken the veil against their wish. Archbishop Lanfrank presided at this council, which was attended by all the bishops appointed by the conquerors, together with the abbots of Normandy and other persons of high rank. The primate’s opinion was, that such of the English women as had taken refuge in the convents in order to save their chastity, ought not to be punished for obeying the sacred precepts, but that the doors of the cloisters should be opened to all who requested it. This opinion prevailed in the council—not so much, perhaps, because it was the most humane, as because it came from the ecclesiastical chief of the conquest and intimate friend of the conqueror. Such of the female refugees as had still a family, a home, and protectors, recovered their liberty.’

William was so jealous of the power of the Normans getting on the wane, that he wished to regulate their marriages, and was quite indignant that Guillaume, the son of Osbert, his first captain, should marry his sister Emma to Raulf de Gaël, a Breton by birth, and Count of Norfolk. The marriage ceremony took place at Norwich, and, at the nuptial feast, some harsh things were said against the king; these were followed by a feeble conspiracy, which was severely avenged by William. Raulf de Gaël was dispossessed of all his property, the family of Osbert completely ruined, and even the town where the marriage was held was visited with indiscriminate punishment. The arrival on the English coast of a Danish fleet afforded the king an opportunity to glut his vengeance on Waltheof, a Saxon chief, who had married the king’s niece, Judith. He was accused of having invited the Danes (who never landed), and was condemned to death at Winchester:—

‘Early in the morning, while the people of Winchester were yet asleep, the Normans led the Saxon chief without the walls of the town. Waltheof walked to the place of execution clothed in his count’s apparel, which he distributed among some clerks and poor people who had followed him, and whom the Normans permitted to approach, on account of their small numbers and their entirely peaceful appearance. Having reached a hill at a short distance from the walls, the soldiers halted; and the Saxon, prostrating himself, prayed aloud for a few moments; but the Normans, fearing that too long a delay would cause the rumour of the execution which they wished to perform to be spread in the town, and that the citizens would rise to save their fellow-countryman, said to Waltheof, “Arise, that we may fulfil our orders!” He

asked, as a last favour, that they would wait only until he had once more repeated, for them and for himself, the Lord’s Prayer. They allowed him to do so; and Waltheof, rising from the ground, and resting on his knees, began aloud, “Our Father, who art in Heaven —;” but at the last verse—“and lead us not into temptation”—the executioner, seeing, perhaps, that daylight was beginning to appear, would wait no longer, but, suddenly drawing his large sword, struck off the Saxon’s head at one blow. The body was thrown into a hole dug between two roads, and hastily covered with earth.

‘The English, who could not save Waltheof, put on mourning for him, and made him a saint and a martyr, as they had made martyrs of the ancient chiefs killed by the Danes, and as they had more recently made one of Bishop Egelwin, who had died of hunger in one of the Norman donjons.’ “They have sought,” says a cotemporary, “to efface his memory from this land, but they have not succeeded; we firmly believe that he dwells among the blessed in Heaven.” It was rumoured among the Saxon serfs and townspeople, that, at the end of a fortnight, the body of the last chief of the English race, carried away by the monks of Crowland, had been found unchanged, the blood being still warm. Other miracles, springing in like manner from patriotic superstition, were worked at Waltheof’s tomb, erected, with William’s permission, in the chapter of the Abbey of Crowland. The Norman wife of the decapitated chief was disturbed by the news of these prodigies; and, in order to conjure the supernatural power of the man whom she had betrayed, and whose death she had caused, she went trembling to Waltheof’s tomb, and laid over it a silk pall, which was instantly thrown afar off, as by some invisible hand’

As we shall devote one paper more to this interesting work, we shall quit Norman oppression to quote our author’s account of the ancient Irish, which must prove seasonable, when Ireland and Irish affairs occupy so much attention. Speaking of the western island, ‘which its inhabitants called Erin, and the English Ireland,’ M. Thierry says:—

‘The people of this island, brethren of the mountaineers of Scotland, and forming with them the last remnant of a great population which, in ancient times, had covered Britain, Gaul, and perhaps a part of the Spanish peninsula, exhibited many of the physical and moral characteristics which distinguish the races of southern origin. The major part of the Irish were men with dark hair, with strong passions, loving and hating with vehemence—yet of a social temper, and in many things, especially in religion, enthusiastic. They willingly mixed up the Christian religion with their poetry and their literature, which was perhaps the most cultivated in all western Europe. Their island possessed a multitude of saints and learned men venerated in England and in Gaul; for no country had furnished a greater number of missionaries for Christianity, from no other motive than pure zeal, and an ardent desire of communicating to foreign nations the opi-

nions and faith of their country. The Irish were great travellers, and always gained the hearts of those whom they visited, by the extreme ease with which they conformed to their customs and way of life.

‘This facility of manners was allied in them with an extreme love of their national independence. Though invaded repeatedly by different populations from the south or from the north, they had never admitted any prescription for conquest, nor made voluntary peace with the sons of the stranger: their old annals contained recitals of terrible revenge exercised, frequently after the lapse of more than a century, by the natives upon their conquerors. The remains of the ancient conquering races, and the small bands of adventurers who, from time to time, came to seek lands in Ireland, avoided the effects of this patriotic intolerance, by incorporating themselves with the Irish tribes, submitting to the ancient social order established by the natives, and learning their language. This was done very quickly by the Danish and Norwegian pirates, who, in the interval between the eighth and tenth centuries, founded several colonies on the eastern coast, in which, relinquishing their old system of plunder, they built towns, and became traders.

‘As soon as the Roman Church had established her dominion in Britain, by the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, she made continual efforts to extend over the inhabitants of Erin the empire which she pretended to exercise over all the worshippers of Christ. As there was on the Irish soil no Pagan conqueror to convert, and as, consequently, the popes could not hope to create there an active army, executing their orders in a warlike manner, as the Franks and the Saxons were then doing, they confined themselves to negotiating by letters and messages, to endeavour to bring the Irish to establish in their island an ecclesiastical hierarchy, resembling that of the continent, and, like it, capable of serving as a footstool to the pontifical throne. The men of Erin, like the Britons of Cambria and of Gaul, having organized Christianity in their country spontaneously, without conforming in any way to the official organization decreed by the Roman emperors, had among them no fixed episcopal sees; their bishops were simply priests, to whom had been confided, by election, the office, purely honorary, of visitors or overlookers of the churches. They did not constitute a body superior to the rest of the clergy, nor were there among them different hierarchical degrees. The church of Ireland, in short, had not a single archbishop; none of its members had occasion to go to Rome to solicit or buy the pontifical pallium,—so that this church, enjoying independence with regard to all foreign churches, and its administration, like that of every free society, being in the hands of dignitaries elected and recalled by itself alone, was at an early period regarded as schismatic by the conclave of St. John of Lateran; and a long system of attacks was directed against it, with the perseverance innate in the successors of the old senate, which, by dint of willing one and the same thing, had subjugated the world.

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St. Peter's Rome had not, like that of the god Mars, legions issuing from its walls to go and conquer nations; all its strength consisted in address, and its skill in making alliances with the mighty of Europe—unequal alliances, which, under the name of friends, made them vassals and subjects of Rome. The victories of foreign conquerors, especially of the barbarians and pagans, over the nations rebellious to the pontifical pretensions, were, as this history has more than once given occasion to observe, the most frequent cause of political aggrandizement to the Roman pontiffs. They carefully espied the first ambitious thoughts of the invaders, to rush into their arms, and enter into partnership with them—in gain, but not in loss. In default of invaders, they loved and encouraged national disputes and usurpers of the liberties of the people. Hereditary power in the hands of one man was what pleased them the most; because it was nearly always easy for them to make themselves agreeable to that one man, to wir him to themselves, and, by governing him, to govern the whole extent of territory subject to his absolute authority.

Had such a system of government existed in Ireland, it is probable that, at a very early period, the religious independence of that country would have been annihilated by mutual agreement between its kings and the Roman priests; for the Romans possessed, above all things, the art of winning the good will of kings; they lavished upon them extravagant titles, the sound of which regaled their ears; and, by virtue of a few drops of oil poured on their heads, erected them into representatives of God himself, sacred to the rest of mankind. But if there were in Ireland national chiefs, to whom the Latin title of *reges* could be strictly applied, and was really applied in the public acts drawn up in that language, the great number of these kings, their perpetual dependence on the various tribes which had chosen them, and the names of which were the only titles they were accustomed to wear—that absence of unity and arbitrary power—afforded nothing that could be laid hold of by the policy of Rome,—which, not having material conquests for its object, found no chance of success in division. There was indeed in Ireland a chief superior to all the rest, who was called the Great King, or the King of the Country, and was chosen by a general assembly of the chiefs of the different provinces. But this elective president of the national confederation took the same oath to the nation as the chiefs of tribes took to their respective tribes—to observe inviolably the ancient laws and hereditary customs. Besides, the Great King's part was to execute, rather than to decide, in the general affairs; for all was decided in greater or lesser councils, held in the open air, upon some hill surrounded by a wide trench. There the laws of the country were made; and there the disputes between province and province, town and town, and sometimes between man and man, were debated, often in a tumultuous manner.

It may well be conceived that a social or-

der like this, the basis of which was the multitude, and in which the impulse always proceeded from the fickle and passionate mass, must have been unfavourable to the projects of the court of Rome, whose custom it was to gather money everywhere, but to scatter it nowhere. Thus, in spite of all their endeavours with the Irish kings, during the four centuries and a half which elapsed between the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons and the descent of the Normans upon England, the popes did not obtain the smallest change in the religious practices and organization of the clergy of the Isle of Erin, nor the levy of the smallest tax upon its inhabitants. After the Conquest of England, the intrigues of the primate, Lanfranc—a man devoted to the simultaneous aggrandizement of the papal and the Norman dominion—being actively directed upon Ireland, began somewhat to bend the spirit of national liberty in the priests of that island—thanks to the reiterated messages, the persuasive sophisms, and perhaps the money, of him who had caused himself to be called Primate of England;—for Lanfranc had accumulated large sums,—first, by collecting his share of the plunder taken from the Anglo-Saxons, and afterwards by selling to the bishops of the Norman race pardon for their tyrannies, their thefts, their cruelties, and their debaucheries!

Juan Secundus. Canto I. 8vo. pp. 46.

Scrapiana Poetica. Part I. By the Author of Juan Secundus. pp. 53. London, 1825. Miller.

We have placed these two *livraisons* together, not on account of their similarity of subject, but because they are by the same author, and are both first parts of poems, which are not very likely to reach a second, particularly the *Scrapiana Poetica*, which, though scraps, are not strictly poetical. With regard to the *Juan Secundus*, it is much better, and we must give the author credit for no ordinary degree of confidence, in following in the wake of Lord Byron, whom he describes as—

'Viewing with scorn—with spirit bold as free,
Dark Hatred's frown—pale sick'ning Envy's
mock,—
Greater mid every effort to confound him—
Brighter through every cloud that lower'd
round him.'

Byron is not the only poet noticed; for Scott, Campbell, Southey, Milman, all come in for a niche; and the author, who seems on good terms with himself, and in good humour with the rest of the world, notices prominent individuals and prominent events in a very good-natured way, and often with smartness. One single stanza we select; it is a tribute to the talents and memory of Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine:—

'Watt, thou wert one whose scientific mind
Dived deeply, bravely, steadily, and true,
Thro' nature's secret mysteries:—unconfined
Thy power of thought;—thy theoretic view
No care could cloud, no false conceptions bind:
Thy practice did what none but thou could'st
do:—
On every shore with gratitude we see
Thy deeds—a pride to us—a monument to
thee!'

The Marauders. Two Epistles in Verse on Irish Affairs, and particularly the Recent Parliamentary Discussions. The First addressed to Lord King, the Second to Sir John Newport. 8vo. London, 1825. Hunt and Clarke.

THIS is a very caustic satire on the leading members of both Houses of Parliament who distinguished themselves, by their opposition to the Catholic claims, in the session which has just closed. The author, who possesses considerable humour, 'tilts at all he meets,' attacking the woolsack, the bench of bishops, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Anglesea, and many others, and treating them with unsparing severity. Though we by no means approve of his estimate of the character of many individuals, and think the author displays as small a degree of liberality as those he censures for the want of it, yet we hesitate not to do justice to talents, however directed, and to acknowledge that *The Marauders* form a very clever and humorous satire. The volume contains little that would suit us to quote, on account of its political acerbity; but the following simile, leaving our readers to decide on its correctness, will be sufficient, as a specimen of the author's style:—

'There's a custom in France, which I'll never
forgive her,
Where they torture a goose to make larger its
liver;
Where they chuckle with joy when the animal
faint is—
For its bile-bloated liver is rife of their dainties—
And watch o'er the process till death; for they
augur a
Precious *morceau* in their *paté de foie gras*.
In France, geese are tortured—for *gourmands*
and beasts;
Men are tortured in Ireland—for bishops and
priests;—
The matter's not minced as a thing to conceal;
'Tis admitted by Liverpool, Eldon, and Peel,
That freedom with clerical wealth won't abide;
And freedom to Ireland is therefore denied.
Thus liberty, peace, and our national health,
Are for ever the victims of clerical wealth.'

A Peep at the Esquimaux. With Forty Coloured Plates. By a LADY. 12mo. London, 1825. Thomas.

THIS is a pretty book for a child, containing forty coloured engravings of Arctic scenery, zoology, the Esquimaux, their implements, weapons, &c., with poetical descriptions, suitable for juvenile readers. As it is neatly got up, it will form a very good holiday present.

The Juvenile Sketch-Book; or, Pictures of Youth, in a Series of Tales. 12mo. pp. 187. London, 1825. Thomas.

THE plan of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' and inculcating the principles of morality by stories of fiction, is perhaps as old as education itself; the tales of giants and hobgoblins, however, with which the infant mind used to be stored and frightened, have been succeeded by narratives of a more rational and equally-interesting description. The tales in the *Juvenile Sketch-Book*, which, we understand, is by the author of *Dangerous Errors*, are well-written plain stories, calcu-

lated to entice youth to read, and to improve their minds and protect their morals by the perusal.

ORIGINAL.

COUNTRY RAMBLES—A HIGH-BORN COUNTRY CURATE—KEAN AND THE STARS, &c.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

MR. EDITOR,—Whilst you and tens of thousands (not bound as you are) continue to broil first on one side, then on the other, in the streets of London, peppered by the dust, and only consoled for your cooking by the *sauce piquante* of good company in which you are swimming, I am wandering in the woods, or reposing under the hedges, of that part of Sussex which I described to you, last year, as the most primitive, uninjured, and unimproved part of the kingdom. Whilst you broil yourself to hear the melting strains of a theatrical warbler, I find a cold seat on the gnarled root of an old oak, to listen to the nightingale in its branches, and amuse myself by observing how much she improves all the songsters in her neighbourhood. I form acquaintance with hedge-roses and woodbines, which I visit every day, observing the progress of their flowers with delight, as the buds expand and glow in the sunshine, that affords prosperity to the whole family. But I freely confess that, in this delicious laziness, this dreamy leisure, in which existence is a calm unruffled stream, that I cannot always hold converse with inanimate nature, and that an importation of magazines and journals, on a market-day, yields a kind of friendly visit, singularly agreeable. If a man *lives* in the country, he is necessarily engaged in the business which belongs to it;—he has vestry-meetings to attend, wrongs to redress, improvements to effect, charities to perform, faults to punish, and good neighbourhood to keep up; and justly does the invaluable author of *Tremaine* inculcate the doctrine of such good offices being alike essential to individual happiness and social duty. But an occasional resident, who merely flies the din of the 'great Babel,' or courts the sweets of nature for a few weeks, carrying himself with him, in despite of his wishes to dispose of that same self in its habits, cannot cease to recur to his associations, after the first blush of country beauty has subsided; and, without desiring to be in his old haunts, he yet inquires what they are doing there with no small interest.

The foundation-stone of a new London Bridge, the grant of a handsome sum to our Protestant brethren in the Vaudois, and the expected marriage of Miss Tree, who is a very pretty actress and a good girl, are the pleasantest things I have read of in the papers. I should blush for myself if I were not, as a Briton, proud of the *first*—as a new proof of our national prosperity, be unworthy of the church to which I belong, if I did not rejoice in the *second*, and have few of a father's feelings about me, if the *last* did not awaken them. 'Tis a path of no light danger to youth and beauty—that same dramatic one, to receive every night the language of adulatory love, to be intoxicated with the thunders of

applause, and excited to sensibility by all that most touches the heart: to walk through such incentives to error in quiet propriety, in the unblenched majesty of innocence, and then to enter the temple of Hymen with a prospect of finding there not only safety but happiness, is a contemplation of pure delight and honest exultation; may the pretty warbler find her home a 'sweet home' for many a year to come, and make it such to him who takes her under a husband's protection.

After all, it would be a sad thing to survive one's own heart, to be so wearied with the follies and so disgusted with the crimes of this working-day world, as to be incapable of rejoicing in the joys and glowing with the virtues that now and then come before you as sabbath-rests in the turmoil of life, and green spots in the sandy desert. When I was in this neighbourhood last year, and pursuing my usual custom of rambling, one of the very few fair Sundays we then enjoyed tempted me to take a long walk to a distant village where I had never been, but which I knew I should reach before church-time. The reverend rector, I was told, 'was a very aged man, too old to do duty;' his curate, a young man of high family and fashion, whom the evils of juniorship alone compelled to enter a church. Of course, though the prospect was fair around the sacred edifice, that within was unpromising enough; and my very heart shrank at the idea of seeing the service disgraced by the feeble shufflings of superannuated imbecility, or the more insufferable pertness of dandified haste or yawning languors.

At all events, there was a famous congregation; and that, after all, is a heart-cheering sight to a church-going old-fashioned English gentleman. I love to see clumsy yeomen, their ruddy wives, and handsome young families: the clean frocks and white aprons of farmers and their wives cheer my spirits, and give a picturesque finish, in my eyes, to the surrounding landscape, and I entered the sacred edifice under an assurance that, whatever the ministers might be, the congregation were highly respectable. I was not sorry to see our reverend doctor of eighty in his pew, I confess; and when, a few minutes afterwards, a tall, elegant young man, of pensive countenance, and evident timidity, entered the reading-desk, I was sure that all was safe, at least,—if not edified, yet it was plain I could not be disgusted.

In fact, the service was read with unaffected modesty and devotion; the sermon was plain, and suitable for the congregation, showing alike the good sense and the upright intention of the preacher, whom I concluded to be a stranger. With that feeling natural to us all when we are really pleased and grateful, on leaving the church I determined to make my bow to him. In doing so, I approached him as he was addressing the clerk:—'The congregation is very large to-day; is there a wedding, James?'

'Oh! no, sir; the folks be comed to hear your *last* sermon.'

'My *last* sermon; what do you mean?'

'Why, sir, it be a twelvemonth this very day since you comed here, and we all

understood as how his honour your father wouldn't let ye stay more nor *one* year in sich a lone plect as this.'

'It is a mistake,' said the young clergyman, as a glare of doubtlessly-pleasant feeling suffused his face; and he walked away with that quick step persons under slight agitation assume.

I had not left the church-yard when the four bells of this humble, though ancient church, set up a merry peal; and many of the rustics, lingering in the church-yard, eagerly turned in again, to lend a hand at pulling them; for there was a joyful whisper—at least the clerk had sent it round, 'Mr. ———, the curate, was going to stay; and it was as little as they could do to welcome the good man with a peal.'

I saw him mount his horse; and, though he rode so fast that the tinklings would soon die in his ear, I am sure they would not do so on his heart;—may he remember them in the walks of fashion, in the halls of his father, and in the day of episcopal power (should it ever arrive to him); for they may prove not only the reward of virtue, but its incentive.

This simple scene of rustic applause has returned to my memory very strongly to-day, in consequence of learning, from the newspapers, that Kean has been received with 'unbounded acclamations.' Nothing can be offered more strongly in contrast than the scenes—the performers—the occasion: the 'loud buzzes' of a vast body, in the splendid theatre of an immense city, amongst whom are the learned, the titled, the affluent, the venal, the vile, and the ridiculous, are strongly opposed to the heartfelt joy of a handful of simple, but sensible people, in a circumstance which, perhaps, not fifty out of the applauding thousands in the playhouse could even comprehend, superior as they may deem themselves. I can say nothing of the parties so distinguished by their fellow-men: of course the pardoned adulterer is the more prominent personage; and such, as the world goes, he must remain. I merely mention the circumstance to prove that country people are not stocks and stones, according to the Round Table doctrine, and that there is still some good feeling in the world, on subjects which it has been of late years the fashion for *little* wits to deride, in their affectation of new lights. 'Tis true we have plenty of gas stirring; but a little quiet fire, warming our own souls, and not annoying our neighbours, is really a novelty in these enlightened times.

Moving from 'grave to gay,' allow me to notice a capital letter in Blackwood's Magazine to the managers of the theatres, going to prove that it is the 'stars who put out the lights, by ruining the true relish for a good play.' Perhaps the observations came a little too late, as the fact is established against stars and monodramatists incontrovertibly, by the success of Covent Garden this late season. Ever since that planet, Macready, withdrew his rays, their past malignant influence was proved by the recovery from deep depression of the sphere he had adorned and injured. In the next place, be it observed, that the comedy of a 'Woman never vexed' offered, in the excellent acting of Mr.

Kemble, decided satisfaction, capable, talent, coming, for the 'Greek' 'tug' of 'one' 'let this' 'do not let' 'and almost' 'rest of' 'to render' 'wherever' 'thy of any' 'We hear' 'Tavern is' 'acted and' 'The let' 'Kemble' 'the English' 'him of the' 'modesty' 'may be the' 'of it; but' 'I must be' 'with Kean' 'so deleted' 'Now I' 'or, and' 'modesty' 'quackery' 'I consider' 'ing com' 'gentleman' 'but he co' 'with it a' 'do it—th' 'he may l' 'he main' 'whole pi' 'cry that' 'nishing' 'electric' 'man in' 'time, an' 'not; fo' 'ter is d' 'be fed p' 'food—n' 'determin' 'fashion,' 'not wis' 'ceptions' 'That' 'whilst' 'right,' 'the ech' 'gion in' 'do eve' 'with su' 'the cou' 'thought' 'some a' 'trust y' 'fesses t' 'prejudi' 'is only' 'nately' 'his eye' 'his he' 'permit

Kemble, Mr. Young, and their assistants, decided proof that a drama, to give all the satisfaction of which such a work of art is capable, must present *several* persons of high talent, contrasting, and in one sense contending, for the power of showing life as it is. 'Greek must meet Greek' to give us the 'tug' of intellectual warfare. If we are to see one man only, in the name of selfishness let this one man, like Mathews, do *all*; but do not let other persons, full as respectable, and almost as talented, be set to stalk around, 'rest of 'their natural proportions,' in order to render him gigantic. There is a littleness, wherever this is required, extremely unworthy of any star bigger than a farthing candle. We hear of no such contention at the Globe Tavern in the day when Willy Shakspeare acted and wrote.

The letter of which I speak assures Mr. Kemble 'that he is the best actor now on the English stage.' It was right to inform him of this fact, certainly; for such is the modesty of the man, that it is possible he may be the only one in the kingdom ignorant of it; but there is another passage which I must object to—it is the classing Young with Kean and Macready, as the *three* stars so deleterious in their ascendancy.

Now I really cannot rank so chaste an actor, and one who never does 'o'erstep the modesty of nature,' with those who stoop to quackery for peculiar purposes. When I consider the exquisite voice, and the amazing command of that voice enjoyed by this gentleman, I cannot bring myself to doubt but he could, if he would, play as many tricks with it as his rivals; and for that he does *not* do it—that he is not idle in one scene that he may bellow till he sobs in another—that he maintains one character throughout a whole piece, I hold myself his debtor. The cry that 'he is always good, but never astonishing—that he always pleases, but never electrifies,' I hold to be mere cant. Can any man in his senses wish to be starved at one time, and crammed at another?—certainly not; for, if the former is appalling, the latter is disgusting. In fact, we all wish to be fed properly, and even at a feast ask for food—not sauce or cayenne; but, if we go determined to be charmed, because it is the fashion, few are honest enough, and the rest not wise enough, to examine their own perceptions at the moment.

That I have done this is certain; and whilst 'my heart misgiving asked if this be right,' I have by my hands 'applauded to the echo.' There is a great deal of contagion in these cases; and that which we all do every day in London, we look back at with surprise, when soberly recollective in the country. In giving you these desultory thoughts, Mr. Editor, I feel assured that some apology is necessary for style, &c., but trust your readers will pardon one who confesses to be of the 'middle ages,' owns to the prejudices which attach to old nations, and is only ambitious of being a rambler alternately in busy and sequestered paths, with his eyes constantly on his fellow-men, and his heart open to love them when they will permit him. No man more enjoys a cigar,

a bottle of old port, and a chat with an old friend; but yet no man loves better to trace a young man, in his entrance into life, with all his best feelings unwithered by the touch of selfishness and the blight of suspicion,—and for a woman of the same age—a girl with a fond, pure, warm, yet innocent heart—daring to smile and to jest, without even the knowledge of guilt—with the bloom and sweetness of the wild rose, and the elegance of the garden produce; why, sir! for such a creature as that I can be a very boy again, and yet, thank God! a friend—a father. Rather than I would be *other* to such a one, I would the heart (that in spite of time and care still beats so warmly) should 'rot half a grain a day;' and that I should be compelled to solicit the 'most sweet voices' of those who applauded the seducer, Elliston, and hissed the seduced Kean, and now most magnanimously reverse their judgment in one case, and will probably do so in the other:—I can adjure no greater punishment, when he so deserves it, to your humble servant,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

THE INFANT LYRA.

HAVE any of our readers seen and heard the Infant Lyra? If they have not, we know not whether we ought to say we envy them the pleasure of the surprise they undoubtedly will enjoy when they visit her, or we pity them for remaining ignorant of anything so delightful. We are by no means partial to infant Roscii, or to prodigies of any kind; we even dislike the precocity produced in children by any species of hot-bed forcing, and prefer one sensible observation, the result of native reflection in a child, to a hundred affectations of wisdom which cannot exist, or knowledge too premature to be serviceable. But this child is so entirely a child—a very creature of smiles, and frolic, and perfect artlessness—yet so evidently a being of most extraordinary genius, that she delights us at the same moment by infantine simplicity, and beauty, and astonishes us by a display of talent which was unquestionably never paralleled except in the case of the celebrated S. Wesley. Indeed, no one can witness the performance of this child, without being sensible that the question is set at rest, as to 'whether there does not exist an innate power of a given direction in some favoured mortals, and which distinguishes them as decidedly from their fellow-creatures as the colour of their hair or their eyes.' The most doting parent cannot venture to say,—'My Maria or my Edward could do as well if they were taught;' for all who hear her are aware that the child is not under any pupilage which has forced nature beyond its own bent—that, on the contrary, she is a little, lively, unfettered girl, alike free from the control of fear and the language produced by labour. There is a glowing, enthusiastic love of music—a delicacy of organization—a quickness of perception—in her, which evidently renders her performance the sweetest moments of her existence. She is all ear—all nerve, and, in the strong excitement of her mind, produces sounds with those little fingers one would consider beyond her physical strength.

No painter would desire to see a more perfect personification of a being 'rapt—inspired'—than this lovely little child, when, with her hand drawing out the softest tones, her ear close to the instrument, and her breath suspended, she seems absolutely absorbed in her own harmony, lost to all around her, and existing but in the Heaven of sweet sounds she was born to enjoy and communicate.

Too much praise cannot be given to her parents and friends for the manner in which this extraordinary child's performances are offered to the world: her hours of rest and refreshment are duly attended to, and even her passion for music is not indulged to the injury of her health, which is evidently excellent; and it is certain her beautiful features and roseate complexion, the freedom of her gait, and the little bobbing untutored courtesy which closes the performance, add not a little to the pleasure of the entertainment. In fact, we never witnessed so many quiet, but strong plaudits, follow any exhibition; for every individual seemed alike delighted: gentlemen were not less warm in their commendation than ladies; and many rushed forward to press the little hand, or snatch a kiss from the rosy cheek, of the fairy minstrel who had given them one hour of such blameless and unmixed pleasure as life seldom can bestow—an hour in which it might be truly said she took—

'The prisoned soul, and wrapt it in Elysium.'

For our own parts, we are not ashamed to say (though we hustled away, content to suffer our little boy to enjoy this honour, which was very freely yielded), that we were charmed even to tears; nor do we hesitate to place this little girl amongst the most illustrious proofs of extraordinary genius the world has yet witnessed.

B. H.

ON WILLS.

PERHAPS one of the strangest memorials of humanity we possess, is the collection at Doctors Commons. In those private documents of the departed, we see man displayed in the genuine weakness of his nature, stripped of the disguises by which pride, fear, or interest, conceal him in his intercourse with the world. He is there found treasuring up the neglect of levity, the resistance of principle, or the disobedience of youthful passion, to be punished at an indefinite period of time, and, in lieu of not permitting the sun to go down upon his anger, extending his enmity beyond the grave, deferring the operation of his vengeance to a time when he stands in the greatest need of mercy, and pronouncing sentence on his fellows whilst he is, perhaps, himself receiving his final doom. When neither anger nor revenge mingle in what may be termed his posthumous decrees, the prejudice of opinion is often to be discovered in full force, dooming children for their youth, or relations for their cognomen, to a life of penury, in order to minister to the pride and extravagance of a first born, and enable him to support the honour, or rather the profusion of a certain number of letters. Even when his last edicts are innocent, we not unfrequently

discover, that the wealth he had attained with trouble was almost as troublesome to distribute, or witness a resolute struggle to gain a momentary attention from mankind, nor fall into the stream of oblivion, without at least creating a splash,—beholding the hard-earned wealth of a long life finally devoted to ostentatious charity, to enable its quondam possessor to run the gauntlet of daily paragraphs and monthly obituaries, and then quietly flourish in precarious immortality on the organ-loft of a church, or the walls of a hospital, proving the selfishness of man in his last act, and showing that we regard our dead selves more than our living friends.

It would seem difficult for man, when invested with arbitrary power, to avoid playing the fool or the tyrant. That the weakness of the weak should be displayed in their will, however unexpected, is not surprising. We can readily imagine, that the feeble-minded would discover something of a kindred spirit when disposing of their only claims to consideration. Even men of strong minds, though of sanguine or of irascible tempers, might be conceived capable of 'fantastic tricks,' but we should not have expected that the calm good sense of the philosopher of Colombia would have been betrayed into vagaries. Yet it is difficult to read Franklin's will without smiling at the schemes which his matter-of-fact mind could indulge in, when their very commencement would not take place till all sublunary things had ceased to interest him. Did he intend it as a posthumous parable on compound interest, or was it the only day-dream he ever indulged in, and even then with an eye to the practically useful.

I was never but once at the reading of a will; and, although I returned somewhat richer than I went, the feelings it gave rise to were rather sad than otherwise. I was then several years younger than at present, and had been led, by novelists, to expect some display of anxiety; decorum, however, had carefully suppressed the appearance of solicitude, and the expression of the company's countenances was as uniform as the colour of their clothes. Misled by the same reporters, I had prepared for some assumption of grief; but this expectation was also disappointed; nor was I ever at an assembly where the feelings were under better regulation. When I entered the room, some of the company were in dispersed groups; others were seated at a table, listening his legacy to whom the wines were bequeathed; and several were stationed at the windows, earnestly watching for one of the executors, who, strange to say, had not arrived (though the appointed hour was expiring) and whose absence delayed the reading of the will,—a circumstance that threw additional awkwardness over the party; for, if waiting for dinner be unpleasant, the reader may imagine the unpleasantness of waiting for the distribution of that stuff which dinners are made of. The delay, however, allowed me an opportunity of more attentively surveying the company, and listening to their discourse.

Excepting their inky coats, there was little

by which a stranger could have guessed at the business on which they were assembled. It was in vain that I looked around me to discover any traces of grief or even of regret: the assembly, it is true, were grave enough, but it was rather an undertaker's solemnity, than the melancholy of mourners. Whatever regard they might have had for their relation during his life—and much had been professed, was buried with him; his vices and his virtues were written in water with the most laudable impartiality; and even so fruitful a subject as death, seemed unable to elicit a truism. One of his nearest relatives was talking about an extensive failure which had just taken place, and inquiring what prospect there was of a dividend; another was discussing, not the merit of the departed, but that of his wine; some were endeavouring to wile away the time by conversing on indifferent topics, whilst others, in a tone of astonishment, were making assertions of 'It's past twelve,' and receiving dissatisfied confirmations of their statement. Servants bustled in and out of the room unnoticed, ostensibly bearing some trifle, but in reality, as it seemed to me, to gaze at the company. The behaviour of those executors who were present, alone seemed affected by the scene; and I thought (but it might be fancy operating upon knowledge) were easily distinguished by their reserved demeanor, important mysteriousness of look, and occasional whisperings with each other. Meantime the moments rolled heavily on, the forced conversation grew more dull and disjointed, watches perpetually left their fobs, conjectures were hazarded on Mr. B—'s non-arrival, and a messenger was about departing to ascertain the cause, when his approach was announced by the speculators. He came with apologies for his delay;—the doors of the apartment were cautiously closed, the important document was laid on the table, the seals of the envelope were broken by the solicitor, and the will handed to his clerk.

Not Beelzebub himself, when he rose to address the Stygian council, drew stiller audience and attention than the quill driver of Mr. A—. He commenced reading in a tone of perfect indifference, which formed a striking contrast to the feelings of his audience, and, with a business-like quickness, highly unfavourable to the document's comprehension. The preamble 'In the name of God, amen,' &c. like grace before dinner, was evidently looked upon as a dull prologue to a good piece, and expectation was on tip-toe for the rising of the curtain. The will, however was a lengthy one, and the commencement relating to no one present. We toiled on for some time, 'without anything on which we could dwell with pleasure,' until the stretch of attention requisite to catch its meaning through its cloud of technicalities, seemed even to weary the mind of interested curiosity; and the looks of the majority discovered their internal struggle to maintain their vigilance, or betrayed the aberration of their minds. Anon the pronunciation of their name, would recal their attention; and then, however the countenance might be guarded, the eye instinctively turned towards

the speaker—sometimes, I think, not soon enough to discover the bequest—often too late to comprehend it in its full extent. A few, whose age authorized such proceedings, took notes of items, apparently anxious to dissipate, by employment, their awkward feelings; some gazed with vacant astonishment at the clerk, or rather at the sounds he was uttering; whilst one, at all events, was intent upon keeping his countenance, for he afterwards asked me how he had succeeded.

When the reader had finished, he withdrew, and the majority shortly followed his example. The difference between my coming and going was considerable. I arrived a beggar, and departed, far indeed from wealthy, but still a gainer by my journey; yet, I can truly say, I returned sadder than I went. The hollowness of affection, arising merely from ties of blood, or the distribution of posthumous benefits, pressed strongly on my mind; the utter impotence of gold to purchase friendship, never before stared me so fully in the face; whilst the total recklessness, the complete business-like manner with which the whole had been conducted, made me fully sensible of the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, that 'no man must calculate on influence beyond the grave.'

NOTER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BLOWER VERSUS STOCKHEAD.

(A LAW CASE)

Oh, Harriette, Harriette! Paphian lass!

Whose *pretty fictions* read by all the world are—

Say, black-eyed gipsy, what hath come to pass,
That 'gainst thy moral page anathemas now
hurl'd are?

Thy *moral* page! Yes, teacher of morality!

So saith thy publisher, John Joseph Stockhead;

And he's a man who shudders at venality;
And as for telling lies, and such rascality,

Whoever thinks him capable—must be a
blockhead!

John Joseph Stockhead, t'other day,

Was call'd upon for satisfaction—

Not in the sense which rival gay

Call out each other,

With sword and pistol, and what not,

Making a pother,

But as defendant in an action,

Where, howe'er great the ills of court,

And whatsoe'er might be the sport,

His *life* was safe—at least, he'd *not* be shot.

And now the plaintiff's counsel read his brief,

And comments made on said John Joseph's
fame—

His vile dishonesty—his want of shame—

His baseness and unmanly prostitution!

Which, when applied to one so *pure*, exceeds
belief!

In short, he spoke of him, as one

Who a long course of infamy had run,

And whom to come in contact with was abso-
lute pollution!

But had you seen John's self-applauding look,

When on his legs he got to make reply,

Or heard the line of argument he took,

To overturn so *vile* a *calumny*,

And prove how *truly moral* was the book!

How *pure* the author! and her task how
grand

To teach mankind, that all might understand
(By seeing vice held up to public view)
How to avoid and dread its influence too!
You must have thought a saint stood there before ye,

Or Joseph's prototype, so fam'd in story;
In short, John Joseph show'd, by many a sign,
That Harriette's book could boast an origin divine!

Whilst modest Joseph thus the time beguil'd,
The jury star'd—the court and counsel smil'd,—
But listen'd, ne'ertheless, with mute attention,
To hear his wondrous wit and keen invention.
'Pray what's our crime,' said he (if crime it be),

'Which we've committed 'gainst this Mister Blower?

We say, he us'd the w for the r,
In making love to little Fanny!
What then? 'tis only making rather free
With the king's English, like his betters:—
Have not all cockneys a prescriptive right
Thus to transpose their letters?

Surely I need not tell this cockney bore
That all his ancestors did so before,
His dad and mam, granddad and granny!—
A LIBEL, oh? I vow it shocks me quite—

'John Joseph Stockhead to be charg'd with libel!
The man who regularly reads the Bible?
The man who once was Kenyon's bosom friend,
Whilst editing the now defunct *True Briton*!
The man, whose pious labours ever tend
To serve the church and state—their cause be-
friend—

And never shrinks, whatever job is hit on!
Indeed, 'twould cut me to the very heart,
If loyalty and truth, like mine, were doubted!
But conscious *Virtue* well sustains her part,
And tells me—that my foes, with all their art,
By judge and jury will be quickly scouted!"

He ceas'd—then took a pinch of snuff—
And round the court he look'd, with grin complacent,
But it was evident enough,
John Joseph's thoughts, just then, were far
from pleasant.

The judge some comments made upon the case,—
The jury found their verdict in a minute,
THREE HUNDRED POUNDS awarding Mr. Blower;

John Joseph Stockhead drew a dismal face,
Without one gleam of conscious virtue in it,—
Ran out of court, and ne'er was heard of more!

FITZ-PINDAR.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS, LEICESTER SQUARE.

WE do not admire the predominancy of portraits at the annual exhibitions at the Royal Academy, and yet we have been much interested and gratified by the present exhibition, which consists of them exclusively. This may at first sound a little paradoxical; but the seeming contradiction will disappear, when it is considered that the former are, for the most part, mere nonentities; and, although the individuals whom they represent may be very respectable and clever sort of people, too, in their way, who cares about the phiz of a 'gentleman' who, on inquiry, might turn out to be a retired cheesemonger; or about the looks of some, no doubt, respectable woman, who has been masqueraded by the artist into a 'lady'? But here we have

genuine historical personages, whose very names conjure up a long train of associations. The princes, potentates, nobles, warriors, and beauties of the olden times here meet us at every glance—and, if the whole truth, too, must be spoken, many a noble dame, who had as little title to the appellation of a beauty as it is possible to conceive. Really, if we may credit the evidence of the pencil, neither of the sexes has degenerated so very much with respect to personal appearance as some *luck-a-daisical* people would have us imagine. Petrarch—the tender, sentimental Petrarch, in his quaint and uncouth costume, looks very much at first sight like an ugly old woman—certainly very little like an enamoured swain; and, as for his much-chanted 'Madonna Laura,' if she at all resembled the effigies which we here find of her, it is absolutely impossible that she should have inspired any other than a platonic affection; for we will venture to assert that a more homely and ill-favoured creature was never the theme of a poet's compliments. There is, too, a portrait of the Countess of Marchmont, so startlingly hideous, that one would not care to be alone with it in an apartment by twilight.

In such an extensive collection, there are of course several mediocre performances; but there are also some very admirable productions; and the general view of the rooms is pleasing, although, instead of splendid gilded frames, the pictures have only plain narrow deal ones: yet it is to be regretted that, for want of sufficient light, and the confined space of some of the rooms, it is impossible to see some of the subjects at all tolerably. In the entrance gallery is a capital portrait of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, said to be by Rubens, although the artist was not contemporary with that personage; also the Infanta Isabella, wife of Archduke Albert, by the same painter, which has a striking degree of character. No. 33, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, is a noble production of Holbein, and worthy of the reputation of that master; there is an unaffected nobleness and real dignity in this figure, that cannot fail to strike the spectator. Its neighbour, Prince Ferdinand, Governor of the Low Countries, by Vandyke, is also a noble portrait. In the next apartment are two very fine whole-length figures, by Mytens, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon—Nos. 53 and 69; and two admirable heads, by Miereveldt, Frederick and Elizabeth, of Bohemia. The latter is certainly not the most beautiful of her sex, neither is there much majesty in her appearance; for the artist seems to have had a very honest pencil, and to have represented nature rather forcibly than flatteringly. No. 59, Philip the Fourth on his Throne, by Velasquez, seems, from the little that can be distinguished of it, to be worthy of a better situation. In another room is an equestrian portrait of the same monarch by the same artist, a capital production, although the countenance is not very animated, and the long lank hair and awkward figure do not impart to him a very noble or warlike appearance. No. 70, Don Carlos, in armour, by Castallo, is an admirably-painted portrait;

the drawing is firm and vigorous, and the hands beautifully executed. There is none of that ostentatious trickery which is sometimes so disgusting in modern portraits—no sacrifice of truth to effect. The Spanish prince does not seem to have been studying fine attitudes, nor to have been conscious that he was sitting for his picture. The same remarks will apply to No. 96, Thomas Harley, Esq. of Brampton Bryan, by Cornelius Jansen, which possesses a simplicity and an air of nature that cannot be sufficiently admired. No. 95, the Head of a Doge of Venice, by Tintoretto, has something quite poetical: it seems a personification of the duca's majesty of Venice—haughty and grand. No. 97, the Duchess of Arcos, in a nun's dress, spite of the repulsive and somewhat ghastly countenance, is a fine head, and not the least attractive picture in the collection. No. 104, Don Juan of Austria, by Cuello, is an excellent portrait; as is likewise No. 140, Ferdinand, Prince of Spain, in a cardinal's dress, by Spagnoletto: the drapery is in a particularly broad and free manner, and the whole figure is remarkably vigorous, without being in the least forced or exaggerated. Compared with these and the portrait of Don Carlos, that of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, in his coronation robes, by Gerard, has something vulgar, forced, and theatrical, and much of what is implied by the French term *representation*. It is but just, however, to observe, that it is placed in a very disadvantageous situation, where it is impossible to get to a sufficient distance for viewing it properly. The Queen of Westphalia is even a more unhappy specimen of portrait-painting,—the face being particularly vulgar, and the figure not much unlike that of a stuffed doll; to say nothing of the trumpery-looking dress in which her majesty is bedizened. In fact, this picture has very much the appearance of having been painted for the showboard of some booth. Among the modern portraits, that of Barrett, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is one of the best. No. 212, Madame Pompadour, is neither a fine portrait, nor the portrait of a fine woman: she looks like a pert painted doll, and is in as unbecoming and tasteless a dress as it is almost possible to conceive. We are aware that we have passed over many portraits that deserve to be pointed out; yet we make no doubt but what we have said will lead most of our readers to visit the collection themselves; and we can assure them that they will derive from it much gratification, and much instruction also. It is indeed so interesting an exhibition, that we hope the proprietor will meet with sufficient success to be induced to render it permanent. As to the miniatures, we must confess that, with a few exceptions, we were rather disappointed in our expectations; for, as works of art, the generality of them are of an inferior description, and, in our opinion, by no means equal to modern productions. However, the Stuart miniatures, and a few others, are truly exquisite, and cannot fail to afford a high gratification to the admirers of this branch of painting.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered his

ambassador to the papal see, to distribute the sum of 5000 rubles annually among the best of young Russian artists studying at Rome: they are to copy the best paintings of the Roman school. A Russian gallery of paintings is now fitting up in the Hermitage (in the winter palace), in which the best productions of able Russian artists are to be hung up, as well as those of foreigners.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE.—The business of this theatre has been extremely languid ever since the commencement of the season, until the *management* (as Mr. Elliston has it) hit upon a new importation, as delicate as it is novel, in the person of Signor Veluti, an Italian singer, who lately lost a fortune he had acquired by his professional talents, and thus, as our friend Asmodeus said, gave a practical illustration of the *Veluti* in *speculum*. What Signor Veluti is, we dare not say; but it is certain that there are only four others of his *species* in Europe; and that, as they are all at least some fifty or sixty years old, the race is likely to be soon extinct; for it is the only class of creatures in the world that does not obey the divine command, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' We can no more describe Signor Veluti's voice than his person: it is as unlike that of other singers, as he is unlike other men; it is a soprano of that class which none but beings like him attain to, except females and boys. Veluti appeared first on Thursday the 30th ult. for his own benefit (a novel device, certainly), and was well received, notwithstanding one or two of the morning papers had attempted, with as much *delicacy* as liberality, to hunt the poor creature down, as if he were a being of his own creating. He made his debut in the character of a chivalrous knight, in the opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, and looked as unlike a warrior as any being possibly could look: he, however, sung extremely well in his way, and attracted, and does attract, good houses; though he is indebted to curiosity, more than anything else, for this honour; if we except those papers which, by cautioning the public against going to see him, have increased the ardour for it. These moral journalists have all at once found out, that the Italian Opera House is the place

'Where the bir'd eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamblers, knaves, and lords,
Combine.'

And they loudly call out:

'Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,
To drive this pestilence from out the land.'

We confess, we rather pity than blame both Veluti and his employers.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening, a new piece was produced at this theatre, entitled, *Five Minutes too late; or, an Elopement to Rheims*. As a drama, it is one of the most wretched productions ever offered to the public; and the attempts at

wit are so bad, that Moncrieff knocked down an Irishman six feet high, for merely asking if he were the author of it; and we do not wonder at his indignation. The dialogue is, however, merely the vehicle for introducing a representation of the Coronation of Charles the Tenth, at Rheims. As for story, the piece, like Mr. Canning's knife-grinder, might say: 'Story! God bless you, I have none.' Yet, as there is some attempt at plot, we shall observe, that it turns on the adventures of Jemmy Clipcard (Harley), a pawnbroker's shopman, who runs off with his master's daughter, Nancy Readydumps (Miss Paton), in order to be united in 'the conjugated state' on the 'French continent.' Mr. Readydumps (Terry) follows the pair to Rheims, so called, as we are told, on account of the *reams* of paper made there, and forgives them, as we are almost disposed to do Mr. Elliston the absurdity of this piece, on account of the beautiful scenery it introduces. The panoramic view of the French coast from Dieppe to the mouth of the Seine, and thence along that river to Rouen, with the view of Paris, is one of the best painted and most picturesque scenes we ever witnessed. It exhibits marine painting so illusive as almost to seem a reality, aided as it is by the beautiful varieties of atmosphere, from sober moonlight to the rich hue of morning. The camp before Rheims, and the view of the cathedral, are also beautifully painted by Roberts; the interior of the cathedral, by Marinari, is a splendid painting; and the view of it, with the several characters assembled at the coronation, would make a very fine picture. The procession was well managed, and the dresses were at once splendid and correct. Were it not for the wretched dialogue, the piece could not fail of being popular; but whenever an actor or actress delivered the language of the author, a loud hiss marked the indignation of the audience at being insulted with trash so vile. The piece, however, will, no doubt, have a run.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This house closes this week, on account of the great preparations making for getting up the *Coronation*. When it will open again, we are not told, but we presume in a few days. The managers of this great theatre seem about to imitate Elliston when at the Surrey, who closed the winter season on a Saturday night, and commenced the summer season the Monday following.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—This charming theatre opened on Saturday night, with such an array of talent as has rarely, indeed, been collected into one company. The first piece was the *Beggars' Opera*, in which a Mr. Thorne made his first appearance as Macheath: his voice is peculiarly sweet, and possesses considerable power; he was very well received. Miss Stephens displayed her almost unrivalled powers of voice and skill, in the character of Polly; and Miss Kelly, as Lucy Lockit, proved to those who did not already know the fact, that she is one of the most natural performers on the stage. The little opera of *Rosina* followed, and introduced to the public Miss Goward, a pretty interesting young lady, who gives

promise of being a great favourite, not only as a singer, but as an actress. She possesses a sweet voice, and a cultivated taste. She executed the airs assigned to Rosina with so much judgment, that she was most loudly cheered; and, when she afterwards appeared as Little Pickle, in the *Spoiled Child*, proved that her talents are as versatile as they are sterling.

A new opera, entitled *Broken Promises; or, The Colonel, the Captain, and the Corporal*, was played for the first time on Monday, with complete success. The main plot is simple, natural, and interesting, affording in its development many animated scenes, well designed for dramatic effect, and admirably sustained by a powerful company. The story is as follows:—Mr. Fairfield (Mr. Bartley) has two sons, Captain Fairfield (Mr. Thorne) and Charles Fairfield (Mr. Broadhurst); he is also guardian of two beautiful, accomplished young ladies, Louisa and Emma (Miss Noel and Miss Stephens). These wards he adopts as his daughters; an attachment, naturally enough, is formed in early life between these young ladies and young gentlemen; and a day is fixed for the wedding of Charles and Louisa. But the captain, who is passionately beloved by Emma, while away from home involves himself at the gaming-table, and, to retrieve his fortune, enters into a contract to marry Mrs. Woodland, a wealthy and beautiful widow (represented by an elegant debutante—a pupil of Miss Kelly), and thus he breaks promises with Emma. Mrs. Woodland had previously engaged herself to Colonel Coolard, (Wrench), but affronted at the coolness of his passion, and jealous of another attachment in which he appeared implicated, she resolves to discard him, and, more as a matter of revenge than of affection, to wed the Captain. Another instance of promise-breaking is exhibited in Corporal Balance O'Connor (Mr. Power), who, having been promoted whilst serving under the captain, and become comparatively wealthy, is worked upon by the fortune-hunting old steward (Mr. W. Bennett) to break off his engagement with Susan Roseby (Miss Kelly) in favour of his niece (Mrs. Wiepert) who is wealthy.

These *Broken Promises* furnish the title to the Opera. Susan Roseby comes in a 'bustle' to Mrs. Woodlands; announces the preparations for the wedding at Mr. Fairfield's, meets with the captain, who promises to join the family at his brother's approaching wedding, which he does, and there finds that his fortune might have been retrieved without sacrificing his Emma; he becomes wretched at the retrospect of his life, meets the Colonel, who demands an explanation of his engagement with Mrs. Woodland, which is refused, upon a point of honour; they fight—the colonel is wounded—a reconciliation follows, and each, as most agreeable to their feelings, falls into his original contract. The corporal, after struggling with his desires for wealth, and an honest, deep-rooted affection, meets his Susan at the oak-tree where he had originally pledged his 'troth,' and where were the assembled villagers, at Susan's desire; there she calls

upon them to attest her constancy in his absence, and offers to resign the written promise of marriage, which she had worn next her heart as the world's best gift, but which she would then give up, rather than destroy his happiness; this proves too much for the honest Irishman's feelings—affectionate embraces ensue, and they agree to be married. The entire acting of Miss Kelly, 'not in this scene in particular, but all in particular,' surpasses conception;—it is necessary that her powers as an actress, in the character of Susan Roseby, should be witnessed, to help the mind to believe that so deep an interest can be excited by a homely village servant-maid. We were astonished and delighted,—and our admiration and delight recur on reflection. Mr. Wrench's character is somewhat *outré*; but he bustled through it, and rendered it sufficiently amusing.

Emma and Susan are lovely, innocent, and amiable young ladies, well personified by Miss Noel and Miss Stephens, who sang as sweetly, and looked as interesting as we ever beheld her. The representative of Mrs. Woodland is an elegant and accomplished lady, whose powers seem equal to the path she has chosen; her performance is natural, graceful, and energetic; and, when she becomes more familiar with the stage, she will, no doubt, be a favourite. Her intriguing servant, Mrs. Wierper, writhed and twisted herself about in a strange, unbecoming manner, even for a pert waiting-maid—otherwise we could have praised her vivacity and freedom. Mr. Broadhurst sung with his usual taste, and Mr. Thorne developed, occasionally, a capability to *act*, as well as sing, that must render him a great acquisition. We never saw Power to greater advantage; his brogue natural, his action free and easy, with the strong display of honest feelings overcoming mean incitements, rendered his character very interesting; and the honest, straight-forward, generous father, Mr. Fairfield, was well supported by Mr. Bartley. Thus the whole piece was strongly cast, the music judiciously adopted, and the opera altogether worthy of the rapturous support it received. We must, however, remark, that as the author has evidently intended to maintain the powers of dramatic illusion in this opera, and has done so for the most part successfully, it is a matter of surprise that he should permit the captain, in the height of distress, and on the eve of fighting a duel, to while away the single quarter of an hour that precedes the meeting, by turning to the audience and singing a ballad; this, in our estimation, is the greatest blemish in the piece, and might be easily avoided.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—This fairy land attracts numerous visitors every evening that it is open; and, on Wednesday, more than four thousand persons partook of its festivities, many of them arrayed in the garb of 'Old Gaul,' on account of its being a Caledonian fête; the tartan predominated, and its mingled varieties presented a beautiful scene: the amusements were appropriate; the panoramas presented views of Scottish scenery; the lamps were formed into mottos and devices, complimentary to the land of

mountain and heather; and the songs and airs were from the national melodies of Caledonia; the fire-works, which have been excellent all the season, were particularly brilliant; and Vauxhall Gardens perhaps never presented a more gay and lively scene than it did on this occasion.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THERE is a person of middle age in the vicinity of Boston, who has nothing but the muscles and common integuments to cover or defend the heart on the left side of the thorax. The heart's pulsation can be seen distinctly, even pressing itself beyond the anterior side of the sternum. This is a great curiosity to the anatomist, and strikes those who are acquainted with the beautiful mechanism of this never-tiring organ with astonishment—as it seems, on viewing this phenomenon, as though every succeeding diastole would burst the heart, and sever the thread of life in an instant. The facts in relation to the cause are simply these:—when this individual was a child, by some strange accident all the ribs about this part were badly fractured; but, instead of uniting again, by a deposition of ossific matter the absorbents took away the injured bone, and none was afterwards formed—thus leaving the heart entirely unprotected. Even the puncture of a pin at this tender point would be his death; and yet he is, apparently, so careless of his existence, that he never has provided himself with any pectoral defence beside his common clothing.—*American Medical Intelligencer.*

Not far from the ruins of Vesta's Temple, at Rome, was heard, some months ago, a subterranean noise, which foretold, according to some superstitious people, a great calamity. The Roman police went down to the place; they dug, and soon discovered a subterranean passage, and seized upon a man who was amusing himself with forging pieces of money, stamped with the effigies of Cesar, Maximilian, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, &c. This novel sort of coiner owned that he had been carrying on this trade for more than ten years; and that, thanks to his industry, the antique cabinets of many English, German, and French antiquaries had been enriched by these means. As the laws did not provide against so extraordinary a case, this *manufacturer of antiquities* has been released, upon promising to sell no more *ob li* for piastres, or *talents* for louis d'ors.—*Le Petit Mercure.*

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Russian Ladies.—A writer in the New Monthly Magazine draws the following somewhat-contradictory picture of the northern beauties. 'How much more easy, elegant, and refined, are the manners of the Russian ladies than those of great Britain or Ireland! They dress more elegantly, too, because they follow the most recent Parisian fashions; their garments are generally of sufficient extension to cover the body, while they admit of graceful motion; but few of

them sport their legs, and still fewer their ankles, perhaps because, for the most part, they are clumsy. They spare no expense in decoration; silks and satins of the most gaudy colours, plumes of feathers, splendid jewels, the most delicious perfumes, and a profusion of *rouge*, are all called to aid the setting off the few natural charms of the Russian ladies; and, generally speaking, they have great need of artificial ornaments, and wide flowing robes, to impart charms which nature has denied, and to conceal their general inclination to *embonpoint*, or already-existing roundness. I was highly pleased with their society, as a stranger; but their notions of morality seemed too loose to accord with my stern ideas of propriety. I saw not one whom I could have married; and, strange to tell, it rarely happens that an Englishman espouses a Russian, notwithstanding so many of our countrymen reside in Russia, and some of them associate a great deal in Russian society.' Flattering as the commencement of the portrait is, it is not one that our countrywomen, need envy. The writer seems, too, to have some curious ideas of elegance, when, after applying that epithet to the Russian ladies' dress, he says that they wear silks of the most gaudy colours, and a profusion of rouge.

Chinese Physicians.—Among the Chinese, if any physician inadvertently prepares and mixes the medicines destined for the use of his imperial majesty, in any manner that is not sanctioned by established practice, or does not accompany them with a proper description and directions, he is punished with a hundred blows. If the ingredients are not genuine and well chosen, as well as carefully compounded, the physician is punished with sixty blows.

The late Captain O'Byrne, of gambling memory, having made a bet on the subject of Admiral Payne, wrote the following note to him:—

'Dear-Payne, pray were you bred to the sea?'

To which the admiral returned, for answer:—

'Dear O'Byrne,—no; but the sea was bred to me.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	6 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
July 1	56	67	52	29.86	Cloudy.
.... 2	55	66	58	30.20	Fair.
.... 3	57	74	66	.. 21	Do.
.... 4	64	71	63	.. 22	Do.
.... 5	60	67	62	.. 33	Cloudy.
.... 6	60	62	50	.. 14	Do.
.... 7	51	61	54	.. 06	Do.

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